

HERO AND LEANDER:

Begunne by *Christopher Marloe,*
and finished by *George Chapman:*

Vt Nectar, Ingenium.



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To the Right W^{or}shipfull, Sir Tho-
mas Walsingham, Knight.



*Ir, We thinke not our selues dischar-
ged of the dutie wee owe to our
friend, when wee haue brought the
breathlesse bodie to the earth : for
albeit the eye there taketh his euer
farewell of that beloued object, yet
the impression of the man, that hath been deare vnto
vs, liuing an after-life in our memorie, there putteth
vs in minde of farther obsequies due vnto the decea-
sed. And namelie of the performance of whatsoeuer
wee may iudge shall make to his liuing credit, and to
the effecting of his determinations preuented by the
stroke of death. By these meditations (as by an intel-
lectuall will) I suppose my selfe executor to the vn-
happie deceased author of this Poem, vpon whom
knowing that in his life time you bestowed many kind
favours, entertaining the parts of reckoning and worth
which you found in him, with good countenance and
liberall affection : I cannot but see so farre into the
will of him dead, that whatsoeuer issue of his braine*

The Epistle Dedicatorie.

should chance to come abroad, that the first breath it
should take might be the gentle aire of your liking: for
since his selfe had been accustomed thereunto, it would
proue more agreeable and thriving to his right children,
then any other foster countenance whatsoeuer. At this
time seeing that this vnfinished Tragedie happens vnder
my hands to be imprinted; of a double dutie, the one to
your selfe, the other to the deceased, I present the
same to your most fauourable allowance, offer-
ring my utmost selfe now and euer
to bee readie at your VVor-
ships disposing:

E. B.

Hero and Leander.

THE ARGVMENT OF THE FIRST SESTYAD.

*Heros description and her Loues,
The Phane of Venus; where he moues
His worthie Loue-suite, and attaines;
Whose blisse the wrash of Fates restraines,
For Cupids grace to Mercurie,
Which tale the Author doth implic.*



IN Hellespont guilty of true loues blood,
In view and opposit two Cities stood,
Seaborders, disioin'd by *Neptunes* might:
The one *Abydos*, the other *Sestos* hight.
At *Sestos*, *Hero* dwelt; *Hero* the faire,
Whom young *Appollo* courted for her haire,
And offered as a dower his burning throne,
Where she should sit for men to gaze vpon.
The outside of her garments were of lawne,
The lining, purple silke, with guilt starres drawne,
Her wide sleeues greene, and bordered with a groue,
Where *Venus* in her naked glory stroue,
To please the carelesse and disdainfull eies
Of proud *Adonis*, that before her lies:
Her kirtle blew, whereon was many a staine,
Made with the blood of wretched louers slaine.

Hero and Leander.

Vpon her head she ware a myrtle wreath,
From whence her vaile reacht to the ground beneath
Her vaile was artificiall flowers and leaues,
Whose workmanship both man and beast deceiues.
Many would praise the sweet smell as she past,
When t'was the odour which her breath forth cast.
And there for honie, Bees haue sought in vaine,
And beat from thence, haue lighted there againe.
About her necke hung chaines of peble stone,
Which lightned by her necke, like Diamons shone.
She ware no gloues, for neither Sunne nor winde
Would burne or parch her hands, but to her minde,
Or warme or coole them, for they tooke delite
To play vpon those hands, they were so white.
Buskins of shels, all siluered, vsed she,
And brancht with blushing corall to the knee;
Where sparrowes pearcht, of hollow pearle and god,
Such as the world would wonder to behold:
Those with sweet water oft her handmaid fils,
Which as shee went, would cherup through the bils.
Some say, for her the fairest *Cupid* pin'd,
And looking in her face, was stricken blind.
But this is true, so like was one the other,
As he imagin'd *Hero* was his mother.
And oftentimes into her bosome flew,
About her naked necke his bare armes threw.
And laid his childish head vpon her brest,

And with still panting rocke, there tooke his rest.
 Solouely faire was *Hero*, *Venus* Nun,
 As Nature wept, thinking she was vndone;
 Because she tooke more from her then she left:
 And of such wondrous beauty her bereft:
 Therefore in signe her treasure suffred wracke,
 Since *Heroes* time, hath halfe the world bin blacke.
 Amorous *Leander*, beautifull and young,
 (Whose tragedy diuine *Musaeus* sung)
 Dwelt at *Abydus*, since him, dwelt there none,
 For whom succeeding times may greater mone.
 His dangling tresses that were neuer shorne,
 Had they bin cut, and vnto *Colchos* borne,
 Would haue allur'd the vent'rous youth of *Greece*,
 To hazard more then for the golden Fleece.
 Faire *Cynthia* wisht his armes might be her sphere,
 These makes her pale, because she moues not there.
 His body was as straight as *Circes* wand,
Ioue might haue sipt out *Nectar* from his hand.
 Euen as delicious meate is to the taste,
 So was his necke in touching, and surpast
 The white of *Pelops* shoulder: I could tell ye,
 How smooth his breast was, and how white his bellie,
 And whose immortall fingers did imprint
 That heauenly path, with many a curious dint,
 That runs along his backe; but my rude pen,
 Can hardly blazon forth the loues of men.

Much lesse of powerfull gods, let it suffice,
 That my slacke muse sings of *Leanders* eies.
 Those orient cheeks and lips, exceeding his
 That leapt into the water for a kis
 Of his owne shadow, and despising many,
 Died ere he could inioy the loue of any.
 Had wilde *Hippolitus* *Leander* scene,
 Enamored of his beautie had he beene,
 His presence made the rudest paisant melt,
 That in the vast vplandish country dwelt,
 The barbarous *Thracian* souldier mou'd with nought,
 Was mou'd with him, and for his fauor sought.
 Some swore he was a maid in mans attire;
 For in his lookes were all that men desire;
 A pleasant smiling cheeke, a speaking eye,
 A brow for loue to banquet royally,
 And such as knew he was a man would say;
Leander, thou art made for amorous play:
 Why art thou not in loue, and lou'd of all?
 Though thou be faire, yet be not thine owne thrall.
 The men of wealthy *Sestos* euery yeere,
 (For his sake whom their Goddesse held so deare,
 Rose-cheekt *Adonis*.) kept a solemne feast,
 Thither resorted many a wandered guest,
 To meet their loues; such as had none at all,
 Came louers home from this great festiuall.
 For euery street like to a firmament

Hero and Leander.

Gliftred with breathing ftars, who, where they went
 Frighted the Melancholy earth, which deem'd,
 Eternall heauen to burne, for fo it feem'd,
 As if another *Phaeton* had got
 The guidance of the funnes rich Chariot.
 But farre aboue the louelielt *Hero* shin'd,
 And stole away th'inchanting gazers mind :
 For like Sea-nymphs inueigling harmony,
 So was her beauty to the ftanders by.
 Nor that night-wandering pale and watry ftarre,
 (When yawning Dragons draw her thirling carre,
 From *Latmus* mount vp to the gloomy skie,
 Where crown'd with blazing light and Maieftie
 She proudly fits,) more ^{is} ouer-rules the flood,
 Than she the hearts of thofe that neere her flood.
 Euen as, when gawdy ^{is} Nymphes purfue the chafe,
 Wretched *Ixion's* shaggy-footed race,
 Incenft with fauage heate, gallop amaine,
 From fteepe Pine-bearing mountaines to the Plaine:
 So ranne the people forth to gaze vpon her,
 And all that view'd her, were enamour'd on her.
 And as in furie of a dreadfull fight,
 Their fellowes being flaine, or put to flight,
 Poore fouldiers ftand with feare of death dead ftroo-
 So at her prefence all furprizd and tooken, (ken,
 Await the fentence of her fcornefull eyes :
 He whom ſhe fauours liues, the other dyes.

Hero and Leander:

There might you see one sigh, another rage,
And some (their violent passions to assuage)
Compile sharpe Satyres, but alas, too late,
For faithfull loue will neuer turne to hate,
And many seeing great Princes were denyed,
Pin'd as they went, and thinking on her, dyed.
On this feast day, O cursed day and hower,
Went *Hero* thorow *Sestos*, from her tower
To *Venus* temple, where vnhappily,
As after chanc'd, they did each other spy,
So faire a Church as this had *Venus* none,
The wals vvere of discoloured Iasper stone,
Wherein vvas *Proteus* caru'd, and ouer head
A liuely vine of greene sea agget spread,
Whereby one hand light-headed *Bacchus* hung,
And with the other, wine from grapes out-wrung.
Of Crystell shining faire, the pauement was,
The towne of *Sestos*, call'd it *Venus* glasse:
There might you see the gods in sundry shapes,
Committing headdy ryots, incest, rapes,
For know, that vnderneath this radiant flower
Was *Danaes* statue in a brazen tower,
Ioue sliely stealing from his sisters bed,
To dally with *Idalian* *Ganimed*;
And for his loue *Europa* bellowing lowd,
And tumbling with the Rain-bow in a cloud:
Bloud quaffing *Mars* heauing the yron net,

which

Hero and Leander.

Which limping *Vulcan* and his *Cyclops* set :
 Loue kindling fire, to burne such townes as *Troy*,
Siluanus vweeping for the louely boy,
 That now is turn'd into a Cypres tree,
 Vnder whose shade the Wood-gods loue to be.
 And in the midst a siluer altar stood,
 There *Hero* sacrificing Turtles blood,
 Tayl'd to the ground, vailing her eye-lids close,
 And modestly they opened as she rose.
 Thence flew Loues arrow with the golden head:
 And thus *Leander* was enamoured.
 Stone-still he stood, and euermore he gazed,
 Till with the fire that from his count'nance blazed,
 Relenting *Hero's* gentle heart was strooke:
Such force and vertue hath an amorous looke.

It lies not in our power to loue or hate:
 For Will in vs is ouer-rul'd by Fate.
 When two are stript long ere the course begin,
 We wish that one should lose, the other winne.
 And one especially do we affect,
 Of two gold Ingots like in each respect;
 The reason no man knowes: let it suffice,
 What we behold is censur'd by our eyes.
 Where both deliberate, the loue is slight.
 Who euer lou'd, that lou'd not at first sight?

He kneel'd, but vnto her deuoutly prayd:
 Chaste *Hero*, to her selfe thus softly sayd;

Hero and Leander.

Were I the Saint he worships, I would heare him:
And as she spake those words, came somewhat neere
He started vp, she blusht as one asham'd, (him.
Wherewith *Leander* much more was inflam'd.
He toucht her hand; in touching it, she trembled:
Loue deeply groundd, hardly is disssembled.
These louers parled by the touch of hands.
True loue is mute, and oft amazed stands.
Thus while dumb signs their yeelding harts entagled
The aire with sparkes of liuing fire was spangled,
And Night deepe drencht in mistie *Acheron*,
Heav'd vp her head, and halfe the world vpon,
Breath'd darknesse forth, (darke night is *Cupids* day.)
And now begins *Leander* to display
Loues holy fire, with words, with fighes, and teares,
Which like sweet Musicke entred *Hero's* cares:
And yet at euery word she turn'd aside,
And alwaies cut him off as he replide.
At last, like to a bold sharpe Sophister,
With cheerefull hope thus he accosted her:
Faire creature, let me speake without offence,
I would my rude words had the influence,
To lead thy thoughts as thy faire lookes do mine,
Then shouldst thou be his prisoner, who is thine.
Be not vnkind and faire: mis-shapen stufte
Are of behauiours boysterous and ruffe.
Dishun me not, but heare me ere you goe,

God

Hero and Leander.

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God knowes I cannot force loue as you do.
My words shall be as spotlesse as my youth,
Full of simplicitie and naked truth.
This sacrifice (whose sweet perfume descending,
From *Venus* altar to your footsteps bending)
Doth testifie that you exceed her farre,
To whom you offer, and whose Nunne you are.
Why should you worship her? her you surpasse
As much, as sparkling Diamonds, flaring glasse.
A Diamond set in Lead, his worth retaines:
A heau'nly Nymph belou'd of humane swaines,
Receiues no blemish, but oft-times more grace;
Which makes me hope, although I am but base;
Base in respect of thee, diuine and pure,
Dutifull seruice may thy loue procure:
And I in dutie will excell all other,
As thou in beautie dost exceed Loues mother.
Nor heau'n, nor thou were made to gaze vpon.
As heau'n preserues all things, so saue thou one.
A stately builded ship, well rigg'd and tall,
The Ocean maketh more maiesticall:
Why vowst thou then to liue in *Sestos* here,
Who on Loues seas more glorious wouldst appeare?
Like vtun'd golden strings, all women are,
Which long time lie vntouch't, will harshly iarre.
Vessels of brasse oft handled, brightly shine.
What difference betwixt the richest Mine,

Hero and Leander.

And basest mold, but vse? for both, not vs'd,
Are of like worth. Then treasure is abus'd,
When Misers keepe it; being put to lone,
In time it will returne vs two for one.
Rich robes, themselues and others do adorne,
Neither themselues nor others if not worne.
Who builds a Palace, and rams vp the gate,
Shall see it ruinous and desolate.
Ah simple *Hero*, learne thy selfe to cherish.
Lone women like to empty houses perish;
Lesse sins the poore-rich man that starues himselfe,
In heaping vp a masse of drossie pelfe,
Than such as you; his golden earth remaines,
Which after his decease some other gaines.
But this faire Iemme, sweet in the losse alone,
When you fleet hence, can be bequeath'd to none:
Or if it could, downe from th' enameld skie,
All Heauen would come to claime this legacie;
And with intestine broyles the world destroy,
And quite confound Natures sweet harmony.
Well therefore by the gods decreed it is,
We humane creatures should enioy that blis;
One is no number: maids are nothing then,
Without the sweet society of men.
Wilt thou liue single still? one shalt thou be,
Though neuer-singling *Hymen* couple thee.
Wild Sauages, that drinke of running Springs,
Thinke

Hero and Leander.

Thinke water farre excels all earthly things,
 But they that daily taste neat Wine, despise it,
 Virginitie, albeit some highly prize it,
 Compar'd with marriage, had you try'd them both,
 Differs as much, as Wine and Water doth.
 Base boullion for the stamperes sake we allow,
 Euen so for mens impression doe we you,
 By which alone, our reuerend Fathers say,
 Women receiue perfection euery way.
 This Idol vvhich you tearme Virginitie,
 Is neither Essence subiect to the eye,
 No, nor to any one exterior sence,
 Nor hath it any place of residence.
 Nor is 't of earth or molde celestially,
 Or capable of any forme at all.
 Of that which hath no being doe not boast:
 Things that are not at all are neuer lost.
 Men foolishly doe call it vertuous:
 What vertue is it, that is borne with vs?
 Much lesse can honour be ascrib'd thereto,
 Honour is purchas'd by the deeds we doe.
 Belecue me *Hero*, honour is not wonne,
 Vntill some honourable deed bee done.
 Seeke you for chastitie, immortall fame,
 And know that some haue wrong'd *Dianas* name.
 Whose name is it, if she be false or not,
 So she be faire, but some vile tongues will blot?

Hero and Leander.

But you are faire (aye me) so wondrous faire,
So young, so gentle, and so debonaire,
As *Greece* will thinke, if thus you liue alone,
Some one or other keepes you as his owne.
Then *Hero*, hate me not, nor from me flie,
To follow swiftly blasting infamie :
Perhaps thy sacred Priesthood makes thee loath :
Tell me to whom mad'st thou that heedlesse oath ?

To *Venus* answered she: and as she spake,
Foorth from those two tralucent cisternes brake
A streame of liquid Pearle, which downe her face
Made milk-white paths, wheron the gods might trace
To *Ioues* high Court. He thus replide: The rites
In which Loues beauteous Empresse most delites,
Are banquets, Doricke musicke ; midnight reuell,
Playes, Maskes, and all that sterne age counteth euill.
Thee as a holy Idiot doth she scorne,
For thou in vowing chastitie, hast sworne,
To rob her name and honour, and thereby
Committ'st a sinne farre worse then periury:
Euen sacriledge against her Deity,
Through regular and formall purity.
To expiate which sinne, kisse, and shake hands,
Such sacrifice as this *Venus* demands.

Thereat she smil'd, and did deny him so,
As put thereby, yet might he hope for moe,
Which makes him quickly re-enforce his speech,

And

Hero and Leander.

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And her in humble manner thus beseech.

Though neither gods nor men may thee deserue,
Yet for her sake whom you haue vow'd to serue,
Abandon fruitlesse cold Virginitie,
The gentle Queene of Loues sole enemy,
Then shall you most resemble *Venus* Nun,
When *Venus* sweet rites are perform'd and dun.
Flint-brested *Pallas* ioyes in single life,
But *Pallas* and your Mistris are at strife.
Loue *Hero* then, and be not tyrannous,
But heale the heart that thou hast wounded thus,
Nor staine thy youthfull yeeres with avarice.
Faire fooles delight to be accounted nice.
The richest corne dyes, if it be not reapt,
Beauty alone is lost, too warily kept.
These arguments he vs'd, and many more,
Wherewith she yeelded, that was wonne before,
Heroes looks yeelded, but her words made warre,
Women are won, when they begin to iarre.
Thus hauing swallow'd *Cupids* golden hooke,
The more she striu'd, the deeper was she strooke.
Yet euilly faining anger, strove she still,
And would be thought to grant against her will:
So hauing paus'd a while, at last she said,
Who taught thee Rethorike to deceiue a Maid?
Aye me, such words as these should I abhor,
And yet I like them for the Orator.

Hero and Leander.

With that *Leander* stoopt to haue imbrac'd her,
But from his spreading armes away she cast her,
And thus bespake him : Gentle youth, forbear
To touch the sacred garments which I weare.

Vpon a rocke, and vnderneath a hill,
Farre from the towne (where all is whist and still,
Saue that the Sea playing on yellow sand,
Sends forth a rattling murmure to the land,
Whose sound allures the golden *Morpheus*,
In silence of the night to visit vs.)

My turret stands, and there God knowes I play
With *Venus* Swannes, and Sparrowes all the day,
A dwarfish beldam beares me company,
That hops about the chamber where I lye ;
And spends the night (that might be better spent)
In vaine discourse and apish merriment,
Comethither : As she spake this, her tongue tript,
For vnawares (*Come thither*) from her slippt,
And sodainly her former colour chang'd,
And here and there her eyes through anger rang'd,
And like a Planet mouing seuerall wayes,
At one selfe instant, she poore soule assayes,
Louing, not to loue at all, and euery part
Stroue to resist the motions of her heart,
And hands so pure, so innocent, nay such
As might haue made heauen stoope to haue a touch,
Did she vphold to *Venus*, and againe,

Vow'd

Hero and Léander.

Vow'd spotlesse chastitie, but all in vaine,
Cupid beats downe her prayers with his wings,
 Her vowes about the empty ayre he flings,
 All deepe enrag'd, his sinowie bow he bent,
 And shot a shaft, that burning from him went,
 Wherewith she strooken lookt so dolefully,
 As made Loue sigh, to see his tyrannie.
 And as she wept, her teares to pearle he turn'd,
 And wound them on his arme, and for her mourn'd,
 Then towards the Palace of the Destinies,
 Laden with languishment, and grieve he flies,
 And to those sterne Nymphs, humbly made request,
 Both might enioy each other, and be blest,
 But with a gastly, dreadfull countenance,
 Threatning a thousand deaths at euery glance,
 They answered Loue, nor would vouchsafe so much
 As one poore word, their hate to him was such :
 Hearken a while, and I will tell you why,
 Heauens winged Herald, *Ioue-borne Mercury*,
 The selfe-same day that he asleepe had laid
 Incharnted *Argus* spyed a country Maid,
 Whose carelesse haire, in stead of pearle t' adorne it,
 Gliftred with dew, as one that seem'd to scorne it,
 Her breath as fragrant as the morning rose,
 Her mind pure, and her tongue vntaught to glose.
 Yet proud she was, (for lofty pride that dwels
 In towred Courts, is oft in Shepheards cels.

Hero and Leander.

And too too well the faire Vermilion knew,
And siluer tincture of her cheekes, that drew
The loue of euery Swaine: On her this god
Enamoured was, and with his Snaky rod,
Did charme her nimble feet, and made her stay,
The while vpon the hillocke downe he lay,
And sweetly on his pipe began to play,
And with smooth speech her fancie to assay,
Till in his twining armes he lockt her fast;
And then he woo'd with kisses, and at last,
As Shepheards doe, her on the ground he laid,
And tumbling in the grasse, he often straid
Beyond the bounds of shame, in being bold
To eye those parts which no eye should behold,
And like an insolent commanding loue,
Boasting his parentage, would needs discover
The way to new *Elisium*: but she,
Whose onely dower was her chastitie,
Hauing striu'n in vaine, was now about to cry,
And craue the helpe of Shepheards that were nie.
Herewith he stayd his furie and began
To giue her leaue to rise: away she ran,
After vuent *Mercury*, who vs'd such cunning,
As she to heare his tale, left off her running.
Maids are not wonne by brutish force and might,
But speeches full of pleasure and delight,
And knowing *Hermes* courted her, was glad

Hero and Leander.

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That she such louelinese and beauty had,
As could prouoke his liking, yet vvas mute,
And neither vvould deny, nor grant his sute.
Still vow'd he loue, she vvanting no excuse,
To feed him with delayes as vvomen vse,
Or thirsting after immortalitie,
All women are ambitious naturally,
Impol'd vpon her Louer such a taske,
As he ought not performe, nor yet she aske,
A draught of flowing *Nectar* she requested,
Wherewith the king of gods and men is feasted.
He ready to accomplish vvhat she vvild,
Stole some from *Hebe* (*Hebe Ioues* cup filld,)
And gaue it to his simple rustike Loue,
Which being knowne (as vvhat is hid from *Ioue*?)
He inly storm'd, and waxt more furious,
Than for the fire filcht by *Prometheus*, (here,
And thrusts him downe from heauen, hee wandring
In mournfull tearmes, with sad and heauy cheere,
Complain'd to *Cupid*, *Cupid* for his sake,
To bereueng'd on *Ioue*, did vndertake,
And those on whom heauen, earth, and hell relies,
I meane the adamantine Destinies,
He wounds with loue, and forst them equally,
To dote vpon deceitfull *Mercury*,
They offered him the deadly fatall knife,
That sheares the slender threds of humane life.

Hero and Leander.

At this faire feathered feet, the engins laid,
Which th'earth from ougly *Chaos* den vp-waid,
These he regarded not, but did entreat
Ahat *Ioue*, Vsurper of his fathers seat,
Might presently be banisht into hell,
And aged *Saturne* in *Olympus* dwell.
They granted what he crau'd, and once againe,
Saturne and *Ops* began their golden raigne.
Murder, rape, warre, lust and treacherie,
Were vvith *Ioue* clos'd in Stygian Emperie.
But long this blessed time continued not,
As soone as he his wished purpose got,
He rechlesse of his promise, did despise
The loue of th'eueralsting destinies.
They seeing it; both Loue and him abhor'd,
And *Iupiter* vnto his place restor'd.
And but that learning in despight of Fate,
Will mount aloft and enter heauen gate,
And to the seat of *Ioue* it selfe aduance,
Hermes had slept in hell with ignorance.
Yet as a punishment they added this,
That he and pouertie should alwaies kisse:
And to this day is euery Scholler poore,
Grosse gold from them runs headlong to the Boore;
Likewise, the angry sisters thus deluded,
To venge themselues on *Hermes* haue concluded,
That *Midas* brood shall sit in honors chaire,

Hero and Leander.

To Which the Muses sonnes are onely heire,
 And fruitfull wits that in aspiring are,
 Shall discontent runne into regions farre,
 And few great Lords in vertuous deeds shall ioy,
 But be surpriz'd with euery garish toy,
 And still inrich the lofty seruile Clowne,
 Who with incroching guile, keepes learning downe.
 Then muse not *Cupids* suit no better sped,
 Seeing in their loues the Fates were iniured.

The end of the first Sestiad.



The Argument of the second

S E S T Y A D.

*Hero of loue takes deeper sence,
 And doth her loue more recompence,
 Their first nights meeting, where sweet kisses
 Are th' only crowns of both their blisses.
 He swims t' Abydus, and returnes,
 Cold Neptune with his beauty burnes,
 whose suit he shuns, and doth aspire
 Heroes faire tower, and his desire.*

BY this sad *Hero* with loue vnacquainted,
 Viewing *Leanders* face, fell downe and fainted:
 He kist her, and breath'd life into her lips,

Hero and Leander:

Wherewith as one displeas'd, away she trips,
Yet as she vvent, full often lookt behind,
And many poore excuses did she find
To linger by the way, and once she stayd,
And would haue turn'd againe, but was afraid,
In offering parly, to be counted light.
So on she goes, and in her idle flight,
Her painted fanne of curled plumes let fall,
Thinking to traine *Leander* therewithall.
He being a Nouice knew not vwhat she meant;
But stayd, and after her a Letter sent:
Which ioyfull *Hero* answered in such sort,
As he had hope to scale the beauteous fort,
Wherein the liberall Graces lockt their wealth;
And therefore to her tower he got by stealth.
Wide open stood the dore, he need not clime;
And she her selfe before the pointed time,
Had spred the boord, with roses strowed the roome,
And oft lookt out, and mus'd hee did not come;
At last he came; O who can tell the greeting,
These greedy louers had at their first meeting?
He askt, she gaue, and nothing was denyed,
Both to each other quickly were affyed.
Looke how their hands, so were their hearts vnited;
And what he did, she willingly requited.
(Sweet are the kisses, the imbracements sweet,
When like desires and affections meet.

Hero and Leander.

P¹³
For from the earth to heauen, is *Cupid* rais'd,
Where fancy is in equall ballance paif'd)
Yet she this rashnes sodainly repented,
And turn'd aside, and to her selfe lamented ;
As if her name and honour had been wrong'd,
By being posselt of him for whom she long'd :
I, and she wisht, albeit not from her heart,
That he would leaue her turret and depart.
The mirthfull god of amorous pleasure smil'd,
To see how he this captiue Nymph beguil'd ;
For hitherto he did but fan the fire,
And kept it downe, that it might mount the higher.
Now waxt she iealous, lest his loue abated,
Fearing her owne thoughts made her to be hated ;
Therefore vnto him hastily she goes,
And like light *Salmafis* her body throes
Vpon his bosome, where with yeelding eyes,
She offers vp her selfe a sacrifice,
To slake his anger, if he were displeas'd ;
O what god would not therewith be appeas'd :
Like *Aesops* Cocke, this ieuell he enioyed,
And as a brother with his sister toyed,
Supposing nothing else was to be done,
Now he her fauour and good will had wonne ;
But know you not that creatures wanting sence,
By nature haue a mutuall apperence,
And wanting organs to aduance a step,

Hero and Leander.

Mou'd by Loues force, vnto each other leap,
Much more in subiects hauing intellect,
Some hidden influence breeds like effect,
Albeit *Leander* rude in loue, and raw,
Long dallying with *Hero* nothing saw,
That might delight him more, yet he suspected,
Some amorous rites or other were neglected :
Therefore vnto his body, hers he clung,
She, fearing on the Rushes to be flung, (ued,
Stri'd vvith redoubled strength, the more she stri-
The more a gentle pleasing heat reuiued,
Which taught him all that elder louers know ;
And now the same 'gan so to scorch and glow,
As in plaine termes (yet cunningly) he crau'd it,
Loue alwayes makes those eloquent that haue it :
She, with a kinde of granting, put him by it,
And euer as he thought himselfe most nigh it,
Like to the tree of *Tantalus* she fled,
And seeming lauish, sau'd her Maiden-head :
Ne're King more sought to keepe his Diademe,
Than *Hero* this inestimable gemme.
Aboue our life we loue a stedfast friend,
Yet when a token of great worth vve send,
We often kisse it, often looke thereon,
And stay the messenger that would be gone:
No maruell then, though *Hero* vvould not yeeld
So soone to part from that she dearely held.

Hero and Leander.

Jewels been lost are found againe, this neuer,
Tis lost but once, and once lost, lost for euer.

Now had the morne espy'd her louers steeds,
Whereat she starts, puts on her purple vveeds,
And red for anger that he stayd so long,
All headlong throwes her selfe the clouds among,
And now *Leander* fearing to be mist,
Imbrac't her sodainly, tooke leaue, and kist.
Long vvas he taking leaue, and loth to goe,
And kist againe as Louers vse to doe :
Sad *Hero* vvrung him by the hand and vvept,
Saying ; Let your vowes and promises be kept.
Then standing at the doore, she turn'd about,
As loth to see *Leander* going out.
And now the sunne that through th'orizon peepes,
As pittying these Louers, downward creepes.
So that in silence of the clowdy night,
Though it was morning, did he take his flight :
But what the secret trusty night conceal'd,
Leanders amorous habit soone reueal'd,
With *Cupids* myrtle was his bonnet crownd,
About his armes the purple riband vbound,
Wherewith she wreath'd her largely spreading haire;
Nor could the youth abstaine, but he must weare
The sacred ring vwherewith she vvas endow'd,
When first religious chastitie she vow'd,
Which made his loue through *Sestos* to bee knowne,

Hero and Leander.

And thence vnto *Abydos* sooner blowne,
Than he could sayle, for incorporeall Fame,
Whose weight consists in nothing but her name,
Is swifter than the wind, whose tardy plumes
Are reeking water, and dull earthly fumes.
Home when he came, he seem'd not to be there,
But like exiled ayre thrust from his sphere,
Set in a forren place, and straight from thence,
Alcides like by mighty violence,
He would haue chac'd away the swelling Maine
That him from her vniustly did detaine :
Like as the Sunne in a Diameter,
Fires and inflames objects remooued farre,
And heateth kindly shining lat'rally,
So beauty sweetly quickens when it's nee ;
But being separated and remoued,
Burnes where it cherisht, murders where it loued :
Therefore, euen as an *Index* to a booke,
So to his mind was young *Leanders* looke ;
O none haue power but gods their loue to hide,
Affection by the count'nance is descride.
The light of hidden fire it selfe discouers,
And loue that is conceal'd, betrayes poore louers.
His secret flame apparantly was scene,
Leanders father knew where he had beene,
And for the same mildly rebuk'd his sonne,
Thinking to quench the sparkles new begunne.

Hero and Leander.

15

But loue resisted once, growes passionate,
And nothing more then counsell louers hate:
For, as a hot proud horse highly disdaines
To haue his head control'd, but breakes the raines,
Spits forth the ringled bit, and with his hoes
Checkes the submissiue ground: so he that loues,
The more he is restrain'd, the worse he fares;
What is it now, but mad *Leander* dares?
O *Hero*, *Hero*, thus he cry'd full oft,
And then he got him to a rocke aloft,
Where hauing spide her tower, long star'd he on't,
And pray'd the narrow toiling *Hellepont*
To part in twaine, that he might come and go.
But still the rising billowes answered no;
With that he stript him to the yu'ry skin,
And crying, Loue, I come, leapt liuely in:
Whereat the Saphyr-visag'd god grew proud,
And made his capring *Triton* sound aloud,
Imagining, that *Ganimed* displeas'd,
Had left the heauens, therefore on him he seiz'd:
Leander striu'd, the waues about him wound,
And puld him to the bottome, where the ground
Was strewd with perle, and in low corall groues,
Sweet singing Mermayds sported with their loues,
On heapes of heauy gold, and tooke great pleasure,
To spurne in carelesse sort the shipwracke treasure:
For here the stately azure palace stood,

D 2

Where

Hero and Leander:

Where Kingly *Neptune* and his traine abode,
The lusty god imbrac't him, call'd him loue,
And swore he neuer should returne to *Ioue* :
But when he knew it was not *Ganimes*,
For vnder water he was almost dead,
He heau'd him vp, and looking on his face,
Beat downe the bold waues with his triple Mace,
Which mounted vp, intending to haue kist him,
And fell in drops like teares, because they mist him.
Leander being vp, began to swim,
And looking backe, saw *Neptune* follow him.
Whereat agast, the poore soule 'gan to cry ;
O let me visit *Hero* ere I dye :
The god put *Helles* bracelet on his arme,
And swore the Sea should neuer doe him harme.
He clapt his plumpt cheekes, with his tresses playd,
And smiling wantonly, his loue bewrayd ;
He vwatcht his armes, and as they open'd wide,
At euery stroke betwixt them vould he slide,
And steale a kisse, and then runne out and dance,
And as he turn'd cast many a lustfull glance,
And threw him gawdy toyes to please his eye,
And diue into the water and there pryce
Vpon his brest, his thighes, and euery lim,
And vp againe, and close beside him swim :
And talke of Loue: *Leander* made reply,
You are deceiu'd, I am no vvoman I.

There.

Hero and Leander.

Thereat smil'd *Neptune*, and then told a tale,
 How that a Shepheard sitting in a vale,
 Playd with a boy, so faire and kind,
 As for his loue, both earth and heauen pin'd,
 That of the cooling riuer durst not drinke,
 Lest water-Nymphs should pul him from the brink;
 And when he sported in the fragrant lawnes,
 Gote-footed Satyres, and vpstart Fawnes
 Would steale him thence, ere halfe his tale was done.
 Aye me, *Leander* cry'd, th' enamoured sunne,
 That now should shine on *Thetis* glassy bower,
 Descends vpon my radiant *Heroes* tower.
 O that these tardy armes of mine were wings!
 And as he spake, vpon the waues he springs;
Neptune was angry that he gaue no care,
 And in his heart reuenging malice beare:
 He flung at him his Mace, but as it went,
 He call'd it in, for loue made him repent.
 The Mace returning backe, his owne hand hit,
 As meaning to be veng'd for darting it.
 When this fresh-bleeding wound *Leander* view'd,
 His colour went and came as if he rew'd
 The grieve which *Neptune* felt. In gentle brests,
 Relenting thoughts, remorse and pittie rests.
 And who haue hard hearts, and obdurate minds,
 But vicious, hare-brain'd, and illitt'rat Hinds?
 The god seeing him vwith pittie to be moued,

There-

Hero and Leander.

Thereon concluded that he was beloued.
(Loue is too full of faith, too credulous,)
With folly and false hope deluding vs.
Wherefore *Leanders* fancie to surprize,
To the rich *Ocean* for gifts he flies.
Tis wisdom to giue much, a gift preuailes,
When deepe perswading oratorie failes.
By this, *Leander* being neere the land,
Cast downe his weary feet, and felt the sand,
Breathlesse albeit he were, he rested not
Till to the solitarie tower he got:
And knockt, and call'd, at which celestiall noyse,
The longing heart of *Hero* much more ioyes, (rings,
Then Nymphes and Shepheards, when the tymbrell
Or crooked Dolphin, when the Sayler sings:
She stayd not for her robes, but straight arose,
And drunke with gladnesse, to the dore she goes,
Where seeing a naked man, she scrieht for feare;
Such sights as this to tender maids are rare,
And ranne into the darke her selfe to hide,
Rich Iewels in the darke are soonest spide.
Vnto her was he led or rather drawne, (lawne;
By those white lims which sparkled through the
The neerer that he came, the more she fled,
And seeking refuge, slipt into her bed,
Whereon *Leander* sitting, thus began,
Through numming cold, all feeble, faint and wan,

If

If not for loue, yet loue for pitie sake,
 Me in thy bed and maiden bolome take;
 At least vouchsafe these armes some little roome,
 Who hoping to imbrace thee, cheerley swome.
 This head was beat with many a churlish billow,
 And therefore let it rest vpon thy pillow.
 Herewith a frighted, *Hero* shrunke away,
 And in her luke-warme place *Leander* lay.
 Whose liuely heate like fire from heauen set,
 Would animate grosse clay, and higher set
 The drooping thoughts of base declining soules,
 Then drerie *Mars*, carowing *Nectar* boules.
 His hands he cast vpon her like a snare:
 She ouercome with shame and fallow feare,
 Like chaste *Diana*, when *Aleon* spide her,
 Being sodainly berraid, din'd downe to hide her.
 And as her siluer body downward went,
 With both her hands she made the bed atent,
 And in her owne mind thought her selfe secure,
 O'recast with dim and darke some couerture:
 And now she lets him whisper in her eare,
 Flatter, intreat, promise, protest and sweare:
 Yet euer as he greedily assayd
 To touch those dainties, she the *Harpey* playd:
 And euery lim did as a souldier stout,
 Defend the fort, and keepe the foe-men out,
 For though the rising yu'rie mount he scald,

Hero and Leander.

Which is with azure circling lines empald,
Much like a globe; (a globe may I tear me this,
By which loue sailes to regions full of blis?)
Yet there with *Sisyphus* he toyld in vaine,
Till gentle parlie did the truce obtaine.
She trembling stroue, this strife of hers (like that
Which made the world) another world begat,
Of vnknownen ioy. Treason was in her thought,
And cunningly to yeeld her selfe she sought.
Seeming not woon, yet woon she was at length:
In such warres women vse but halfe their strength.
Leander now like *Theban Hercules*,
Entred the orchard of *Thaësserides*.
Whose fruit none rightly can describe, but hee
That puls or shakes it from the golden tree:
Wherein *Leander* on her quivering brest,
Breathlesse, spoke some thing, and sigh'd out the rest;
Which so preuail'd, as he with small ado
Inclos'd her in his armes, and kist her to.
And euery kisse to her was as a charme,
And to *Leander* as a fresh alarme.
So that the truce was broke, and she alas,
(Poore fillie maiden) at his mercy was.
Loue is not full of pitie (as men say)
But deafe and cruell, where he means to pray.
Euen as a bird, which in our hands we wring,
Forth plungeth, and oft flutters with her wing.

And

And now she wisht this night were neuer done
 And sigh'd to thinke vpon th'approching sunne,
 For much it greeu'd her that the bright day-light,
 Should know the pleasure of this blessed night.
 And then like *Mars* and *Ericine* displayed,
 Both in each others armes chaind as they layd.
 Againe she knew not how to frame her looke,
 Or speake to him who in a moment tooke,
 That which so long so charily she kept,
 And faine by stealth away she would haue crept,
 And to some corner secretly haue gone,
 Leauing *Leander* in the bed alone.
 But as her naked feet were whipping out,
 He on the suddaine cling'd her so about,
 That Mermaid-like vnto the floore she slid,
 One halfe appear'd the other halfe was hid.
 Thus neere the bed she blushing stood vpright,
 And from her countenance behold ye might,
 A kinde of twilight breake, which through the heare,
 As from an orient cloud, glymse here and there.
 And round about the chamber this false morune,
 Brought forth the day before the day was borne.
 So *Heros* ruddie cheeke, *Hero* betraide,
 And her all naked to his sight displayd.
 Whence his admiring eyes more pleasure tooke,
 Than *Dis*, on heapes of gold fixing his looke.
 By this *Apollon* golden harpe began,

To sound forth musicke to the Ocean,
 Which watchfull *Hesperus* no sooner heard,
 But he the day bright-bearing Car prepar'd,
 And ran before, as Harbenger of light,
 And with his flaring beames mockt ougly night,
 Till she o'ecome with anguish, shame, and rage,
 Dang'd downe to hell her loathsome carriage.

The end of the second Sestiad.



THE ARGVMENT OF THE
 THIRD SESTYAD.

*Leander to the envious light
 Resignes his night, sports with the night,
 And swims the Hellespont againe;
 Thesme the deitie soveraigne
 Of enflames and religious rites
 Appeares, improving his delites
 Since Nuptiall honors he neglected;
 Which straight he vows shall be effected.
 Faire Hero lest Deuorginate
 Waies, and with furie wailes her state:
 But with her lone and womans wit
 She argues, and approneth it.*

New light giues new directions, Fortunes new
 To fashion our indeuours that ensue,

More

More harsh (at least more hard) more graue and his
 Our subiect runs, and our sterne *Muse* must flie,
 Loues edge is taken off, and that light flame,
 Those thoughts, ioyes, longings that before became,
 High vnexperient blood, and maids sharpe plights,
 Must now grow staid, and censure the delights,
 That being enioyd aske iudgment; now we praise,
 As hauing parted: Euenings crowne the daies.

And now ye wanton loues, and young desires,
 Pied vanitie, the mint of strange Attires;
 Ye lisping Flatteries, and obsequious Glances,
 Relentfull Musicks, and attractiue Dances,
 And you detested Charmes costringing loue,
 Shun loues stolne sports by that these Louers proue.

By this the Soueraigne of Heauens golden fires,
 And young *Leander*, Lord of his desires,
 Together from their louers armes arose:
Leander into *Hellepontus* throwes
 His *Hero*-handled bodie, whose delight
 Made him disdain each other Epethite.
 And as amidst the enamoured waues he swims,
 The God of gold of purpose guilt his lims,
 That this word guilt including double sence,
 The double guilt of his *Incontinence*,
 Might be exprest, that had no stay t'employ
 The treasure which the Loue-god let him ioy
 In his deare *Hero*, with such sacred thrift,

As had becomed so sanctified a gift:
But like a greedie vulgar Prodigall,
Would on the stocke dispend, and rudely fall
Before his time, to that vnblest blessing,
Which for lusts plague doth perish with possessing.

107 grauen in sense, like snow in water wafts:

Without preserve of vertue nothing lasts.

What man is he that with a wealthy eie
Enioyes a beauty richer then the skie;
Through whose white skin, softer then soundest sleep,
With damaske eies the rubie bloud doth peep,
And runs in branches through her azure vaines,
Whose mixture and first fire his loue attaines;
Whose both hands limit, both Loues deities,
And sweeten humane thoughts like Paradise;
Whose disposition filken is and kind,
Directed with an earth-exempted mind;
Who thinks not heauen with such a loue is giuen?
And who like earth would spend that dower of heauē,
With ranke desire to ioy it all at first?

What simply kills our hunger, quencherh thirst,
Clothes but our nakednes, and makes vs liue?

Praise doth not any of her fauors giue:

But what doth plentifully minister
Beauteous apparell and delicious cheere,
So ordered that it still excites desire,

And still giues pleasure freedom to aspire

The

Hero and Leander.

The palme of *Bountie*, euer moist preserving:
 To loues sweet life this is the courtly carving.
 Thus *Time*, and all-states ordering *Ceremonie*
 Had banisht all offence: *Times* golden *This*
 Vpholds the flowrie body of the earth,
 In sacred harmony, and euery birth
 Of men, and actions makes legitimate,
 Being vsde aright; *The vse of time is fate.*

Yet did the gentle flood transfer once more,
 This prize of Loue home to his fathets shore;
 Where he vnclades himselfe of that false welth
 That makes few rich; treasures compose by stelth
 And to his sister kind *Hermione*,
 (Who on the shore kneeld, praying to the sea
 For his returne) he all Loues goods did shew
 In *Hero* seasde for him, in him for *Hero*.

His most kind sister all his secrets knew,
 And to her singing like a shower he flew,
 Sprinkling the earth that to their tombes tooke in
 Streames dead for loue, to leaue his yuory skin,
 Which yet a snowie some did leaue aboue,
 As soule to the dead water that did loue:
 And from thence did the first white *Roses* spring,
 (For loue is sweet and faire in euery thing)
 And all the sweetned shore as he did goe,
 Was crown'd with odrous roses white as snow.
Loue-blest *Leander* was with loue so filled,

That

Hero and Leander.

That loue to all that toucht him be instilled.
And as the colours of all things we see,
To our sights powers communicated bee:
So to all objects that in compasse came
Of any sense he had; his senses flame
Flow'd from his parts, with force so virtuall,
It fir'd with sense things meere insensuall.

Now (with warme baths and odours comforted)
When he lay downe, he kindly kist his bed,
As consecrating it to *Herbes* right,
And vow'd thereafter that what euer sight
Put him in mind of *Hero*, or her blisse,
Should be her Altar to prefer a kisse.

Then laid he forth his late enriched armes,
In whose white circle Loue writ all his charmes,
And made his characters sweet *Heroes* lims,
When on his breasts warme sea she sliding swims.
And as those armes (held vp in circle) met,
He said; see sister *Hero*s Carquet,
Which she had rather weare about her necke,
Then all the jewels that doth *Juno* decke.

But as she lookt with passionate desire,
To put in flame his other secret fire:
A musicke so diuine did pierce his eare,
As neuer yet his rauisht sense did heare;
When suddenly a light of twenty hews
Brake through the rooffe, and like the Rainbow views.

Amazed

Amaz'd *Leander*; in whose beames came downe
 The Goddesse *Ceremonie*, with a Crowne
 Of all the stars, and heauen with her descended,
 Her flaming haire to her bright feet extended,
 By which hung all the bench of Deities;
 And in a chaine, compact of eares and eies,
 She led Religion; all her bodie was
 Cleere and transparent as the purest glasse:
 For she was all presented to the sence;
 Deuotion, Order, State, and Reuerence,
 Her shadowes were; Societie, Memorie;
 All which her sight made liue; her absence die.
 A rich disparent Pentacle she weares,
 Drawne full of circles and strange characters:
 Her face was changeable to euery eie;
 One way lookt ill, another graciously;
 Which while men viewed, they cheerful were and holy,
 But looking off, vicious, and melancholy:
 The snake paths to each obserued law,
 Did *Policie* in her broad bosome draw:
 One hand a Mathematicke Christall swaies,
 Which gathering in one line a thousand raies
 From her bright eies, *Confusion* burnes to death,
 And all estates of men distinguisheth.
 By it *Moralitie* and *Comelineſſe*,
 Themselues in all their sightly figures dresse.
 Her other hand a lawrell rod applies,

Hero and Leander.

To beate backe *Barbarisme*, and *Auarice*,
That followed eating earth, and excrement
And humane lims; and would make proud assent
To seates of Gods, were *Ceremonie* flaine;
The *Howrs* and *Graces* bore her glorious traine,
And all the sweets of our societie
Were spherde, and treasurde in her bounteous eie.
Thus she appeard, and sharply did reproc
Leanders bluntnesse in his violent loue;
Told him how poore was substance without rites,
Like bils vnsign'd; desires without delites;
Like meates vnseason'd, like ranke corne that growes
On Cottages, that none or reapes or sows:
Not being with ciuill formes confirm'd and bounded,
For humane dignities and comforts founded:
But loose and secret all their glories hide;
Feare fills the chamber, darknes decks the Bride.

She vanisht, leauing pierst *Leanders* hart
With sense of his vnceremonious part,
In which with plaine neglect of Nuptiall rites,
He close and flatly fell to his delites:
And instantly he vow'd to celebrate
All rites pertaining to his married state.
So vp he gets, and to his father goes,
To whose glad cares he doth his vowes disclose:
The Nuptials are resolu'd with vtmost powre,
And he at night would swim to *Heroes* towre.

From

From whence he ment to *Sestus* forked Bay
 To bring her couertly, where ships must stay,
 Sent by her father throughly rigd and mand,
 To waft her safely to *Abydus* Strand.
 There leaue we him, and with fresh wing pursue
 Astonisht *Hero*, whose most wished view
 I thus long haue forborne, because I left her.
 So out of countnance, and her spirits bereft her.
To looke of one abasht is impudence,
When of slight faults he hath too deepe a sence.
 Her blushing het her chamber: she lookt out,
 And all the aire she purpled round about,
 And after it a foule blacke day befell,
 Which euer since a red morne doth foretell:
 And still renewes our woes for *Heroes* wo,
 And foule it prou'd, because it figur'd so
 The next nights horror, which prepare to heare;
 I faile if it prophane your daintiest care.

Then how most strangely-intelectuall fire,
 That proper to my soule hast power t'inspire
 Her burning faculties, and with the wings
 Of thy vnspheared flame visitst the springs
 Of spirits immortall; Now (as swift as Time
 Doth follow Motion) finde th' eternall Clime
 Of his free soule, whose liuing subiect flood
 Vp to the chin in the *Pyrean* stood,
 And drunke to me halfe this *Muscan* storie,

Inscribing it to deathlesse Memorie:
 Confer with it, and make my pledge as deep,
 That neither draught be consecrate to sleep.
 Tell it how much his late desires I tender,
 (If yet it know not) and to light surrender
 My soules dark offspring, willing it should die
 To loues, to passions, and societie.

Sweet *Hero* left vpon her bed alone,
 Her maidenhead, her voves, *Leander* gone;
 And nothing with her but a violent crew
 Of new come thoughts that yet she neuer knew,
 Euen to her selfe a stranger; was much like
 Th' *Iberian* citie that wars hand did strike
 By English force in princely *Essex* guide,
 Whence peace assur'd her towers had fortifide;
 And golden-fingred *India* had bestowd
 Such wealth on her, that strength and Empire flowd
 Into her Turrets; and her virgin waste
 The wealthy girdle of the Sea iunbrast:
 Till our *Leander* that made *Mars* his *Cupid*,
 For soft loue-futes, with yron thunders chid:
 Swum to her townes, dissol'd her virgin zone;
 Lead in his power, and made Confusion
 Run through her streets amaz'd, that she supposde
 She had not bin in her owne walles inclosde:
 But rapt by wonder to some forraine state,
 Secing all her issue so disconsolate:

And

And all her peacefull mansions posselt
 With wars iust spoile, and many a forraine guest
 From euery corner driuing an enioyer,
 Supplying it with power of a destroyer.
 So far'd faire *Hero* in th'expugned fort
 Of her chaste bosome, and of euery sort
 Strange thoughts posselt her, ransaking her brest
 For that that was not there, her wonted rest.
 She was a mother straight, and bore with paine,
 Thoughts that spake straight, and wisht their mother
 ;She hates their liues, & they their own & hers: (slain,
 Such strife still growes where finne the race prefers.
Loue is a golden bubble full of dreames,
That waking breakes, and fitts vs with extreames.
 She musde how she could looke vpon her Sire,
 And not shew that without, that was intire.
 For as a glasse is an inanimate cie,
 And outward formes imbraceth inwardly:
 So is the eye an animate glasse that showes
 In-formes without vs. And as *Phæbus* throwes
 His beames abroad, though he in clouds be closde,
 Still glancing by them, till he finde opposde,
 A loose and torid vapor that is fit
 Teuent his searching beames, and vseth it
 To forme a tender twentie-coloured cie,
 Cast in a circle round about the skie.
 So when our fierie soule, our bodies starre,

(That euer is in motion circulare)
Conceiues a forme ; in seeking to display it
Through all our cloudie parts, it doth conuey it
Forth at the eye, as the most pregnant place,
And that reflects it round about the face.
And this euent vncourtly *Hero* thought,
Her inward guilt would in her looks haue wrought:
For yet the worlds stale cunning she resisted
To beare foule thoughts, yet forge what looks she li-
And held it for a very sillie sleight, (sted,
To make a perfect mettall counterfeit:
Glad to disclaime her selfe ; proud of an Art,
That makes the face a Pandar to the heart.
Those be his painted Moones, whose lights prophane
Beauties true Heauen, at full still in their wane.
Those be the Lapwing faces that still crie,
Here tis, when that they vow is nothing nie.
Base fooles, when euery moorish foole can teach
That which men thinke the height of humane reach.
But custome that the Apoplexie is
Of beddred nature, and liues led amis.
And takes away all feeling of offence:
Yet brazde not *Heroes* brow with impudence;
And this she thought most hard to bring to pas,
To seeme in countnance other then she was.
As if she had two soules; one for the face,
One for the heart; and that they shifted place

As either list to vtter, or conceale
 What they conceiu'd: or as one soule did deale
 With both affaires at once, keeps and eiects
 Both at an instant contrarie effects:
 Retention and eiection in her powrs
 Being acts alike: for this one vice of ours,
 That formes the thought, & swaies the countenance,
 Rules both our motion and our vtterance.

These and more graue conceits toyld *Heros* spirits:
 For though the light of her discoursiue wits,
 Perhaps might finde some little hole to pas
 Through all these worldly cinctures; yet (alas)
 There was a heauenly flame incompast her;
 Her Goddesse, in whose Phane she did preferre
 Her virgin vowes; from whose impulsiue sight
 She knew the blacke shield of the darkest night
 Could not defend her, nor wits subtilst art:
 This was the point pierst *Hero* to the hart.
 Who heauie to the death, with a deep sigh
 And hand that languisht, tooke a robe was nigh
 Exceeding large, and of blacke Cypres made,
 In which she fate, had from the day in shade,
 Euen ouer head and face downe to her feete;
 Her left hand made it at her bosome meete;
 Her right hand leand on her hart-bowing knee,
 Wrapt in vnshapefull foulds: 't was death to see
 Her knee staide that, and that her falling face

Hero and Leander.

Each limme helpt other to put on disgrace.
No forme was seene, where forme held all her sight:
But like an Embrion that saw neuer light:
Or like a scorched statue made a cole
With three-wingd lightning: or a wretched soule
Muffled with endles darknes, the did sit:
The night had neuer such a heauie spirit.
Yet might an imitating eye well see,
How fast her cleere teares melted on her knee
Through her black vaile, and turnd as blacke as it,
Mourning to be her teares: then wrought her wit
With her broke vow, her Goddesse wrath, her fame,
All tooles that enginous despaire could frame:
Which made her strow the floore with her torne haire,
And spread her mantle peece-meale in the aire.
Like *Joues* sons club, strong passiõ strook her downe,
And with a piteous shriek inforst her swoune:
Her shriek, made with another shriek ascend
The frighted Matron that on her did tend:
And as with her owne crie her sense was flaine,
So with the other it was calde againe.
She rose and to her bed made forced way,
And laid her downe euen where *Leander* lay:
And all this while the red sea of her blood
Eb'd with *Leander*: but now turn'd the flood,
And all her flecte of spirits came swelling in
Withchild of saile, and did hot fight begin

With

With those seuerer conceits, she too much markt,
And here *Leander's* beauties were imbakr.
He came in swimming painted all with ioyes,
Such as might sweeten hell: his thought destroyes
All her destroying thoughts: she thought she felt
His heart in hers: with her contentions melt,
And chid her soule that it could so much erre,
To checke the true ioyes he deseru'd in her.
Her fresh heat blood cast figures in her eies,
And she suppos'd she saw in *Neptunes* skies
How her starre wandred, washt in smarting brine
For her loues sake, that with immortall wine
Should be embath'd, and swim in more hearts ease,
Than there was water in the *Sestian* seas,
Then said her *Cupid* prompted spirit; shall I
Sing mones to such delightfome harmonie?
Shall slick-tongd' fame patcht vp with voyces rude,
The drunken bastard of the multitude,
(Begot when farther iudgement is away,
And gossip-like, saies because others say,
Takes newes as if it were too hot to eate,
And spits it flauering foorth for dog-fecs meate)
Make me for forging a phantastike vow,
Presume to beare what makes graue matrons bow?
Good vowes are neuer broken with good deeds,
For then good deeds were bad: vowes are but seeds,
And good deeds fruits, euē those good deeds y grow

Hero and Leander.

From other stocks, then from th'obserued vow.

That is a good deed that preuents a bad :

Had I not yeelded, slaine my selfe I had.

Hero Leander is, Leander Hero :

Such vertue loue hath to make one of two.

If then *Leander* did my maidenhead git,

Leander being my selfe I still retaine it.

We breake chaste vowes when we liue loosely euer :

But bound as we are, we liue loosely neuer.

Two constant louers being ioynd in one,

Yeelding to one another, yeeld to none.

We know not how to vow, till loue vnblind vs,

And vowes made ignorantly neuer binde vs.

Too true it is, that when t'is gone men hate

The ioyes as vaine they tooke in loues estate :

But that's, since they haue lost, the heauenly light

Should shew them way to iudge of all things right.

When life is gone, death must implant his terror,

As death is foe to life, so loue to error.

Before we loue, how range we through this sphere,

Searching the sundry fancies hunted here :

Now with desire of wealth transported quite

Beyond our free humanities delight :

Now with ambition climbing falling towrs,

Whose hope to scale, our feare to fall deuours :

Now rapt with pastimes, pompe, all ioyes impure,

In things without vs no delight is sure.

But

At loue with all ioyes crownd, within doth sit;
 O Goddesse pitie, loue and pardon it.
 This spake he weeping, but her Goddesse eare
 Burnd with too sterne a heat, and would not heare.
 Aye me, hath heauens straight fingers no more graces,
 For such *Hero*, then for homeliest faces?
 Yet she hopte well, and in her sweet conceit
 Waying her arguments, she thought them weight:
 And that the logicke of *Leanders* beautie,
 And them together would bring proofes of dutie.
 And if her soule, that was a skilfull glance
 Of heauens great essence, found such imperance
 In her loues beauties; she had confidence.
Joue lou'd him too, and pardond her offence.

*Beautie in heauen and earth this grace doth win,
 It supple rigor, and it lessens sin.*

Thus, her sharpe wit, her loue, her secrecie,
 Trouping together, made her wonder why
 She should not leaue her bed, and to the Temple?
 Her health said she must liue; her sex dissemble.
 She viewd *Leanders* place, and wisht he were
 Turn'd to his place, so his place were *Leander*.
 Aye me (said she) that loues sweet loue and sense
 Should doe it harme! my loue had not gone hence,
 Had he been like his place. O blessed place,
 Image of Constancie. Thus my loues grace
 Parts no where but it leaues something behinde

Worth obseruation: he renownes his kind.
 His motion is like heauens Orbiculer:
 For where he once is, he is euer there.
 This place was mine: *Leander* now 't is thine;
 Thou being my selfe, then it is double mine:
 Mine, and *Leanders* mine, *Leanders* mine.
 O see what wealth it yeelds me, nay yeelds him:
 For I am in it, he for me doth swim.
 Rich, fruitfull loue, that doubling selfe estates
Elixer-like contracts, though separates.
 Deare place I kisse thee, and doe welcome thee,
 As from *Leander* euer sent to mee.

The end of the third Sestiyad.



THE ARGVMENT OF THE FOVRTH SESTYAD.

Hero, in sacred habit deckt,
Doth priuate sacrifice effect.
Her Skarfes description wrought by fate,
Ostents, that threaten her estate.
The strange, yet Physicall euent,
Leanders counterfeist present.
In thunder, Ciprides descends,
Presaging both the louers ends.
Ectt the Goddesse of remorse,

With

*With vocall and articulate force
 Inspires Leucote, Venus swan,
 T'excuse the beauteous Sestian.
 Venus, to wreake her rites abuses,
 Creates the monster Eronus;
 Inflaming Heroes Sacrifice,
 With lightning darted from her eies:
 And thereof springs the painted beast,
 That euer since taints enery breast.*

NOW from *Leanders* place she arose, and found
 Her haire and rent robe scattered on the ground:
 Which taking vp, she euery peece did lay
 Vpon an Altar; wherein youth of day
 She vsde rethibite priuate sacrifice:
 Those would she offer to the Deities
 Of her faire Goddesse, and her powerfull son,
 As relicks of her late-felt passion:
 And in that holy sort she vow'd to end them,
 In hope her violent fancies that did rend them,
 Would as quite fade in her loues holy fire,
 As they should in the flames she ment t'inspire.
 Then put shee on all her religious weeds,
 That deckt her in her secret sacred deeds:
 A crowne of Isickles, that sunne nor fire
 Could euer melt, and figur'd chaste desire.
 A golden starre shinde in her naked breast,
 In honour of the Queene-light of the East.
 In her right hand she held a siluer wand,

On whose bright top *Perifera* did stand,
Who was a Nymph, but now transformed a Doue,
And in her life was deare in *Venus* loue:
And for her sake she euer since that time, (clime.
Chus'd Doues to draw her coach throug heauē's blew
Her plentious haire in curled billowes swims
On her bright shoulder: her harmonious lims
Sustained no more but a most subtile vaile
That hung on them, as it durst not assaile
Their different concord: for the weakeſt aire
Could raise it swelling from her beauties faire:
Nor did it couer, but adumbrate onelie
Her most heart-piercing parts, that a bleſt eie
Might ſee (as it did shadow) fearefullie,
All that all-loue-deſeruing *Paradiſe*:
It was as blew as the moſt freezing ſkies
Neere the Seas hew, for thence her Goddeſſe came:
On it a ſkarfe ſhe wore of wondrous frame;
In miſt whereof ſhe wrought a virgins face,
From whoſe each cheek a fiery bluſh did chaſe
Two crimſon flames, that did two waies extend,
Spreading the ample ſkarfe to either end;
Which figur'd the diuiſion of her minde,
Whiles yet ſhe reſted baſhfully inclinde,
And ſtood not reſolute to wed *Leander*.
This ſer'd her white necke for a purple ſphere,
And caſt it ſelfe at full breadth downe her backe.

There

Hero and Leander.

There (since the first breath that begun the wracke
 Of her free quiet from *Leanders* lips)
 She wrought a Sea in one flame full of ships:
 But that one ship where all her wealth did passe
 (Like simple Merchants goods) *Leander* was:
 For in that Sea she naked figured him;
 Her diuing needle taught him how to swim,
 And to each threed did such resemblance giue,
 For ioy to be so like him it did liue.

*Things sencelesse liue by art, and rationall die,
 By rude contempt of art and industrie.*

Scarce could she work, but in her strength of thought,
 She feard she prickt *Leander* as she wrought:
 And oft would shrieke so, that her Guardian frighted,
 Would staring haste, as with some mischief cited.

*They double life that dead things griefes sustaine:
 They kill that feele not their friends liuing paine.*

Sometimes she feard he sought her infamie,
 And then as she was working of his eie,
 She thought to pricke it out to quench her ill:
 But as she prickt, it grew more perfect still.

*Trifling attempts no serious acts aduance;
 The fire of loue is blowne by dalliance.*

In working his faire necke she did so grace it,
 She still was working her owne armes t'imbrace it:
 That, and his shoulders, and his hands were seene
 Aboue the streame, and with a pure Sea Greene

Hero and Leander.

She did so queintly shadow euery lim,
All might be seene beneath the waues to swim:
In this conceited skarfe she wrought beside
A Moone in change, and shooting starres did glide
In number after her with bloody beames,
Which figur'd her affects in their extreames,
Pursuing nature in her Cynthian body,
And did her thoughts running on change imple:
For maids take more delights when they prepare
And thinke of wiues states, then when wiues they are.
Beneath all these she wrought a Filherman,
Drawing his nets from forth that Ocean;
Who drew so hard, ye might discouer well,
The toughned sinewes in his necke did swell:
His inward straines draue out his blood-shot eies,
And springs of sweate did in his forehead rise:
Yet was of nought but of a Serpent sped,
That in his bosome flew, and stung him dead:
And this by fate into her mind was sent,
Not wrought by meere instinct of her intent.
At the skarfs other end her hand did frame,
Neere the forkt point of the diuided flame,
A country virgin keeping of a Vine,
Who did of hollow bulrushes combine
Snarres for the stubble-louing Grasshopper,
And by her lay her skrip that nourisht her.
Within a myrtle shade she sate and sung,

And

And tufts of wauing reeds about her sprung;
 Where lurkt two foxes, that while she applide
 Her trifling snares, their thecueries did diuide;
 One to the vine, another to her skrip,
 That she did negligently ouerslip:
 By which her fruitfull vine & wholesome fare,
 She suffered spoyld to make a childish snare.
 These ominous fancies did her soule expresse,
 And euerie finger made a Prophetesse,
 To shew what death was hid in loues disguise,
 And make her iudgement conquer Destinies.
 O what sweet formes faire Ladies soules doe shroud,
 Were they made seene & forced through their bloud,
 If through their beauties like rich work through lawn,
 They would set forth their minds with vertues drawn,
 In letting graces from their fingers flie,
 To still their yas thoughts with industrie:
 That their plied wits in numbred silks might sing
 Passions hugh conquest, and their needles leading
 Affection prisoner through their own-built cities,
 Pinniond with stories and Arachnean dities.

Proceed we now with *Heros* sacrifice;
 She odours burne, and from their smoke did rise
 Vnsauorie fumes, that ayre with plagues inspired,
 And then the consecrated sticks she fired.
 On whose pale flame an angrie spirit fiew,
 And beat it downe still as it vpward grew.

Hero and Leander.

The virgin tapers that on th' alter stood,
When she inflam'd them, burn'd as bloud:
All sad ostents of that too neere successe,
That made such mouing beauties motionlesse.
Then *Hero* wept; but her affrighted eies
She quickly wrested from the sacrifice:
Shut them, and inwards for *Leander* lookt,
Searcht her soft bosome, and from thence she pluckt
His louely picture: which when she had viewd,
Her beauties were with all loues ioyes renewd.
The odors sweetned, and the fires burnd cleere,
Leanders forme left no ill object there.
Such was his beautie that the force of light,
Whose knowledge teacheth wonders infinite.
The strength of number and proportion,
Nature had plaste in it to make it knowne.
Art was her daughter, and what humane wits
For studie lost, intomb'd in drossie spirits.
After this accident (which for her glorie
Hero could not but make a historie)
Th' inhabitants of *Sestos* and *Abydos*,
Did euery yeere with feasts propitious,
To faire *Leanders* picture sacrifice,
And they were persons of speciall prize
That were allowd it as an ornament
To enrich their houses; for the continent
Of the strange vertues all approu'd it held:

For

For euen the very looke of it repeld
 All blastings, witchcrafts, and the strifes of nature
 In those diseases that no hearbs could cure.
 The wolfe sting of Auarice it would pull,
 And make the rankest miser bountifull.
 It kild the feare of thunder and of death;
 The discords that conceits ingendereth
 Twixt man and wife, it for the time would cease:
 The flames of loue it quencht, and would increase:
 Held in a princes hand, it would put out
 The dreadfulst Comet: it would ease all doubt
 Of threatned mischiefes: it would bring asleepe
 Such as were mad: it would inforce to weepe
 Most barbarous eies: and many more effects
 This picture wrought, and sprung *Leandrian* sects,
 Of which was *Hero* first: For he whose forme
 (Held in her hand) cleer'd such a fatall storme,
 From hell she thought his person would defend her,
 Which night and *Hellepont* would quickly send her,
 With this confirm'd, she vow'd to banish quite
 All thought of any checke to her delite:
 And in contempt of fillie bashfulnesse,
 She would the faith of her desires professe:
 Where her Religion should be Policie,
 To follow loue with zeale her pietie:
 Her chamber her Cathedrall Church should be,
 And her *Leander* her chiefe Deitie.

For in her loue these did the Gods forgo;
 And though her knowledge did not teach her so,
 Yet did it teach her this, that what her heart
 Did greatest hold in her selfe greatest part,
 That she did make her god; and 't was lesse nought
 To leaue gods in profession and in thought,
 Than in her loue and life: for therein lies
 Most of her duties, and their dignities,
 And raile the braine-bald world at what it will;
 Thats the grand Atheisme that raignes in it still.
 Yet singularitie she would vse no more,
 For she was singular too much before:
 But she would please the world with faire pretext;
 Loue would not leaue her conscience perplex.
 Great men that will haue lesse doe for them still,
 Must beare them out though th'acts be nere so ill.
 Meannes must Pander be to Excellencie,
 Pleasure attones Falshood and Conscience:
 Dissembling was the worst (thought *Hero* then)
 And that was best now she must liue with men.
 O vertuous loue that taught her to doe best,
 When she did worst, and when she thought it lest.
 Thus would she still proceed in works diuine,
 And in her sacred state of priesthood shine,
 Handling the holy rites with hands as bold,
 As if therein she did *Joues* thunder hold;
 And need not feare those menaces of error,

Which

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Which she at others threw with greatest terror.
 O louely *Hero*, nothing is thy sin,
 Wayd with those foule faults other Priests are in;
 That hauing neither faiths, nor works, nor bewties,
 T'engender any scuse for slubberd duties;
 With as much countnance fill their holy chaires,
 And sweat denouncements gainst prophane affayres,
 As if their liues were cut out by their places,
 And they the only fathers of the Graces.

Now as with setled minde she did repaire,
 Her thoughts to sacrifice, her rauisht haire
 And her torne robe which on the altar lay,
 And only for Religions fire did stay;
 She heard a thunder by the Cyclops beaten,
 In such a volley as the world did threaten,
 Giuen *Venus* as she parted th'ayrie sphere,
 Discending now to chide with *Hero* here:
 When suddenly the Goddesse waggoners,
 The Swans and Turtles that in coupled pheres,
 Through all worlds bosomes draw her influence,
 Lighted in *Heros* window, and from thence
 To her fayre shoulders flew the gentle Doves.
 Gracefull *Ædone* that sweet pleasure loues,
 And rufffoot *Chreste* with the tufted crowne, (frowne
 Both which did kisse her, though their Goddesse
 The Swans did in the solid flood her glasse,
 Proyne their plumes, of which the fairest was,

Joue-lou'd Leucote, that pure brightnes is,
The other bountie-louing *Daphnis*.
All were in heauen, now they with *Hero* were :
But *Venus* lookes brought wrath, and vrged feare.
Her robe was skarlet, blacke her heads attire,
And through her naked breast shinde streames of fire,
As when the rarified aire is driuen
In flashing streames, and opes the darkned heauen.
In her white hand a wreath of yew she bore,
And breaking th' icie wreath sweet *Hero* wore;
She forst about her browes her wreath of yew,
And said, now minion to thy fate be trew,
Though not to me, indure what this portends;
Begin where lightnes will, in shame it ends.
Loue makes thee cunning; thou art currant now,
By being conterfeit: thy broken vow,
Deceit with her pide garters must reioyne,
And with her stampe thou countnances must coyne :
Coynes, and pure deccits for purities,
And still a maid wilt seeme in cosoned eies,
And haue an antike face to laugh within,
While thy smooth lookes make men digest thy sin.
But since thy lips (lest thought forsworne) forswore,
Be neuer virgins vow with trusting more.

When Beauties dearest did her Goddesse heare,
Breathe such rebukes gainst that she could not cleare;
Dumbe sorrow spake aloud in teares, and blood

That

That from her grieve burst vaines in piteous flood,
 From the sweet conduits of her fauor fell:
 The gentle Turtles did with moanes make swell
 Their shining gorges: the white black-eyde Swans
 Did sing as wofull Epicedians,
 As they would straightwaies die: when pities Queene
 The Goddesse *Este*, that had euer beene
 Hid in a watty cloud neere *Heroes* cries,
 Since the first instant of her broken eies,
 Gaue bright *Leucote* voice, and made her speake,
 To ease her anguish, whose swolne breast did breake
 With anger at her Goddesse, that did touch
Hero so neere for that she vsde so much.
 And thrusting her white necke at *Venus*, said;
 Why may not amorous *Hero* seeme a maid
 Though she be none, as well as you suppress
 In modest cheekes your inward wantonnesse?
 How often haue we drawne you from aboue,
 T'exchange with mortals, rites for rites in loue?
 Why in your Priest then call you that offence
 That shines in you, and is your influence?
 With this the furies stopt *Leucotes* lips,
 Enioynd by *Venus*, who with Rosewhips
 Beate the kind Bird. Fierce lightning from her eies
 Did set on fire faire *Heroes* sacrifice,
 Which was her torne robe, and inforced haire;
 And the bright flame became a maid most faire

Hero and Leander.

For her aspect: her tresses were of wire,
Knit like a net, where hearts all set on fire,
Strugled in pants and could not get releast:
Her armes were all with golden pincers drest,
And twenty fashiond knots, pullies, and brakes,
And all her body girdled with painted snakes.
Her downe parts in a Scorpions taile combinde,
Freckled with twentie colours; pyed wings shinde
Out of her shoulders; Cloth had neuer die,
Nor sweeter colours neuer viewed eie,
In scorching *Turkie, Cares, Tartarie,*
Then shinde about this spirit notorious;
Nor was *Arachnes* web so glorious.
Of lightning and of shreds she was begot;
More hold in base dissemblers is there not.
Her name was *Eromasis. Venus* flew
From *Heroes* sight, and at her Chariot drew
This wondrous creature to so steep a height,
That all the world she might command with sleight
Of her gay wings: and then she bad her hast,
Since *Hero* had dissembled, and disgraft
Her rites so much, and euery breast infect
With her deceits, she made her Architect
Of all dissimulation; and since then
Neuer was any trust in maides nor men.
O it spighted
Faure *Venus* heart to see her most delighted.

And

And one she chusde for temper of her minde,
 To be the onely ruler of her kinde,
 So soone to let her virgin race be ended;
 Not simply for the fault a whit offended:
 But that in strife for chastnes with the Moone,
 Spitefull *Diana* bad her shew but one,
 That was her seruant vowed, and liu'd a maid,
 And now she thought to answere that vpbraid,
Hero had lost her answer; who knowes not
Venus would seeme as far from any spot
 Of light demeanor, as the very skin
 Twixt *Cynthias* browes; sin is asham'd of sin.
 Vp *Venus* flew, and scarce durst vp for feare
 Of *Phæbes* laughter, when she past her sphere:
 And so most vgly clouded was the light,
 That day was hid in day; night came ere night,
 And *Venus* could not through the thicke aire pierce,
 Till the daies king, god of vndanted verse,
 Because she was so plentifull a theame,
 To such as wore his Lawrell *Anademe*:
 Like to a fiery bullet made descent,
 And from her passage those fat vapors rent,
 That being not throughly rarefide to raine,
 Melted like pitch as blew as any vaine,
 And scalding tempests made the earth to shrinke
 Vnder their seruor, and the world did thinke
 In euery drop a torturing spirit flew,

Hero and Leander.

It pierst so deeply, and it burnd so blew:
Betwixt all this and *Hero*, *Hero* held
Leanders picture as a Persian shield:
And she was free from feare of worst successe;
The more ill threats vs, we suspect the lesse:
As we grow haplesse, violence subtle growes,
Dumb, deafe & blind, & comes when no man knowes.

The end of the fourth Sestiyad.



THE ARGUMENT OF THE
FIFTH SESTYAD.

*Day doubles her accustom'd date,
As last the night, incens'd by fate,
Should wracke our lovers; Heroes plight,
Longs for Leander, and the night:
Which, ere her thirstie wish recouers,
She sends for two betrothed lovers,
And marries them, that (with their crew
Their sports and ceremonies due)
She couerly might celebrate,
With secret ioy her owne estate.
She makes a feast, at which appeares
The wilde Nymph Teras, that still beares
An Iuory Lute, tels Ominous tales,
And sings at solemne festinales.*

NOW was bright *Hero* weary of the day,
Thought an Olympiad in *Leanders* stay.

Sol, and the soft-foote *Hovrs* hung on his armes,
 And would not let him swim, foreseeing his harmes:
 That day *Aurora* double grace obtainde
 Of her loue *Phæbus*; she his horses rainde,
 Set on his golden knee, and as she list
 She puld him backe; and as she puld, she kist
 To haue him turne to bed, he lou'd her more,
 To see the loue *Leander Hero* bore,
 Examples profit much ten times in one,
 In persons full of note, good deeds are done.

Day was so long, men walking fell asleepe,
 The heauie humors that their eies did steepe,
 Made them feare mischiefs. The hard streets were beds
 For couetous churles, and for ambitious heads,
 That spight of Nature would their businesse plie.
 All thought they had the falling *Epilepsie*,
 Men groueld so vpon the smotherd ground,
 And pitie did the heart of heauen confound.
 The Gods, the Graces, and the Muses came
 Downe to the Destinies, to stay the frame
 Of the true louers deaths, and all worlds teares:
 But death before had stopt their cruell cares.
 All the Celestials parted mourning then,
 Pierst with our humane miseries more then men.
 Ah, nothing doth the world with mischiefe fill,
 But want of feeling one anothers ill.

With their descent the day grew something faire,
 And

And cast a brighter robe vpon the aire:
Hero to shorten time with merriment,
 For young *Alcmane*, and bright *Mya* sent,
 Two louers that had long crau'd marriage dues
 At *Heroes* hands; but she did still refuse:
 For louely *Mya* was her consort vow'd
 In her maid state, and therefore not allow'd
 To amorous Nuptials: yet faire *Hero* now
 Intended to dispence with her cold vow,
 Since hers was broken, and to marry her:
 The rites would pleasing matter minister
 To her conceits, and shorten tedious day.
 They came; sweet musicke vs'd th' odorous way,
 And wanton Ayre in twenty sweet formes danst
 After her fingers; Beautie and Loue aduanst
 Their ensignes in the downlesse rosie faces
 Of youths and maids, led after by the Graces.
 For all these, *Hero* made a friendly feast,
 Welcom'd them kindly, did much loue protest,
 Winning their hearts with all the meanes she might,
 That when her fault should chance t'abide the light,
 Their loues might couer or extenuate it,
 And high in her worst fate make pitie sit.

She mari'd them, and in the banquet came
 Borne by the virgins: *Hero* stru'd to frame
 Her thoughts to mirth. Aye me, but hard it is
 To imitate a false and forced blis.

Ill may a sad mind forge a merrie face,
 Nor hath constrained laughter any grace;
 Then laid she wine on cares to make them sinke;
Who feares the threats of fortune, let him drinke.

To these quicke Nuptials entred suddenly,
 Admired *Teras* with the Ebon Thye,
 A Nymph that haunted the Greene *Sestian* groues,
 And would consort soft virgins in their loues,
 At gay some triumphs, and on solemne daies,
 Singing prophetike Elegies and Layes:
 And fingring of a siluer Lute she tide
 With blacke and purple skarfs by her left side.
Apollo gaue it, and her skill withall,
 And she was tearm'd his dwarfe she was so small:
 Yet great in vertue, for his beames inclos'd
 His vertues in her: neuer was propos'd
 Riddle to her, or Augurie, strange or new,
 But she resolud it: neuer sleight tale flew
 From her charm'd lips, without important sence,
 Shewne in some graue succeeding consequence.

This little Siluane with her songs and tales,
 Gaue such estate to feasts and Nuptials,
 That though oft times she forewent tragedies,
 Yet for her strangenes still she pleas'd her eies,
 And for her smalnes they admir'd her so,
 They thought her perfect borne, and could not grow.
 All eies were on her: *Hero* did command

Hero and Leander.

An Altar deckt with sacred state should stand,
At the Feasts vpper end, close by the Bride;
On which the pretie Nymph might sit espide.
Then all were silent; euery one so heares,
As all their senses climb'd into their eares:
And first this amorous tale that fitted well,
Faire *Hero* and the Nuptials she did tell:

The tale of Teras.

Hymen that now is god of Nuptiall rites,
And crownes with honour loue and his delights,
Of *Athens* was a youth so sweet of face,
That many thought him of the femall race:
Such quickning brightnes did his cleere eies dart,
Warne went their beames to his beholders hart.
In such pure leagues his beauties were combin'd,
That there your Nuptiall contracts first were sign'd.
For as proportion, white and crimson meet
In Beauties mixture, all right cleere, and sweet
The eie responsible, the golden haire,
And none is held without the other, faire:
All spring together, all together fade;
Such intermixt affections should inuade
Two perfect louers: which being yet vnseene,
Their vertues and their comfors copied then,
In beauties concord, subiect to the eie;
And that, in *Hymen*, pleas'd so matchlesly,
That louers were esteem'd in their full grace,

Like

Like forme and colour mixt in *Hymens* face;
 And such sweet concord was thought worthy then
 Of torches, musicke, feasts, and greatest men:
 So *Hymen* lookt, that euen the chafest mind
 He mou'd to ioyne in ioyes of sacred kind:
 For onely now his chins first doune consoorted
 His heads rich fleece, in golden curls contorted;
 And as he was so lou'd, he lou'd so too,
 So should best beauties, bound by Nuptials doo;
 Bright *Eucharis*, who was by all men said
 The noblest, fairest, and the richest maid
 Of all th' *Athenian* damzels, *Hymen* lou'd,
 With such transmission, that his heart remou'd
 From his white breast to hers, but her estate
 In passing his, was so interminate
 For wealth and honor, that his loue durst feed
 On nought but sight and hearing, nor could breed
 Hope of requitall, the grand prize of loue;
 Nor could he heare or see, but he must proue
 How his rare beauties musicke would agree
 With maids in consort: therefore robbed hee
 His chin of those same few first fruits it bore,
 And clad in such attire, as Virgins wore,
 He kept them company, and might right well,
 For he did all but *Eucharis* excell
 In all the faire of Beautie: yet he wanted
 Vertue to make his owne desires implanted

In his deare *Eucharis*, for women neuer
Loue beautie in their sex, but enuie euer.
His iudgement yet (that durst not suite addresse,
Nor past due meanes, presume of due successe)
Reason gat fortune in the end to speed
To his best praies: but strange it seemed indeed,
That fortune should a chaste affection blesse,
Preferment seldome grace & bashfulnesse.
Nor graste it *Hymen* yet; but many a dart
And many an amorous thought inthrald his hart,
Ere he obtained her; and he sicke became,
Forst to abstaine her sight, and then the flame
Rag'd in his bosome. O what grieve did fill him:
Sight made him sicke, and want of sight did kill him.
The virgins wondred where *Dietia* stayd;
For so did *Hymen* terme himselfe a mayd,
At length with sickly lookes he greeted them:
T'is strange to see against what an extreame streame
A louer strives; poore *Hymen* lookt so ill,
That as in merit he increas'd still,
By suffering much, so he in grace decreas'd.
Women are most wonne when merit least:
If merit looke not well, loue bids stand by,
Loues speciall lesson is to please the eye.
And *Hymen* soone recouering all he lost,
Deceiuing still these maids, but himselfe most.
His loue and he with many virgin dames,

Hero and Leander.

Noble by birth, noble by beauties flames,
 Leauing the towne with songs and hallowed lights,
 To doe great *Ceres Elusina* rites
 Of zealous Sacrifice, were made a pray
 To barbarous Routers that in ambush lay,
 And with rude hands enforst their shining spoile,
 Farre from the darkned Citie, tir'd with toile.
 And when the yellow issue of the skie
 Came trouping forth, ielous of crueltie,
 To their bright fellowes of this vnder heauen,
 Into a double night they saw them driuen,
 A horride Caue, the theeues black mansion,
 Where wearie of the iourney they had gon,
 Their last nights watch, & drũk with their sweet gains,
 Dull *Morpheus* entred, laden with silken chains,
 Stronger then yron, and bound the swelling vaines
 And tired senses of these lawles Swaines:
 But when the virgin lights thus dimly burnd;
 O what a hell was heauen in! how they mournd
 And wrung their hands, & wound their gentle formes
 Into the shapes of sorrow! Golden stormes
 Fell from their eies: As when the Sun appeares,
 And yet it raines, so shewd their eyes their teares.
 And as when funerall dames watch a dead corse,
 Weeping about it, telling with remorse
 What paines he felt, how long in paine he lay,
 How little food he eate, what he would say;

Hero and Leander.

And then mixe mournfull tales of others deaths,
Smothering theselues in clouds of their owne breaths,
At length, one cheering other, call for wine,
The golden boule drinks teares out of their eie,
As they drinke wine from it, and round it goes,
Each helping other to relieue their woes:
So cast these virgins beauties mutuall raies,
One lights another, face the face displaies;
Lips by reflexion kist, and hands hands shooke,
Euen by the whitenes each of other tooke.

But *Hymen* now vnde friendly *Morpheus* aide,
Slew euery theefe, and rescude euery maide.
And now did his enamourd passion take
Hart from his harty deed, whole worth did make
His hope of bounteous *Eucharis* more strong;
And now came *Loue* with *Proteus*, who had long
Iugg'd the litle god with prayers and gifts,
Ran through all shapes, and varied all his shifts,
To win *Loues* stay with him, and make him loue him:
And whē he saw no strength of sleight could moue him
To make him loue, or stay, he nimbly turnd
Into *Loues* selfe, he so extreame ly burnd.
And the same *Loue* with *Proteus* and his powre,
Tencounter *Eucharis*: first like the flowre
That *Iuno*s milke did spring the siluer Lillie,
He fell on *Hymens* hand, who straight did spie
The bounteous Godhead and with wondrous ioy

Offred

Offerd it *Eucharis*. She wondrous coy
 Drew back her hand: the subtle flower did woo it,
 And drawing it neere, mixt so you could not know it.
 As two cleere Tapers mixe in one their light,
 So did the Lillie and the hand their white:
 She viewd it, and her view the forme bestowes
 Amongst her spirits: for as colour flowes
 From superficies of each thing we see,
 Euen so with colours formes emitted bee:
 And where Loues forme is, loue is, loue is forme;
 He entred at the eye, his sacred storme
 Rose from the hand, loues sweetest instrument.
 It stir'd her bloods sea so, that high it went,
 And beat in bashfull waues gainst the white shore
 Of her diuided cheeks, it rag'd the more,
 Because the tide went gainst the haughtie winde
 Of her estate and birth: And as we finde
 In fainting ebs, the flowrie Zephire hurles
 The greene-hayrd *Hellepont*, broke in siluer curles
 Gainst *Heroes* towre: but in his blasts retreat,
 The waues obeying him, they after beate,
 Leauing the chalkie shore a great way pale,
 Then moyst it freshly with another gale:
 So ebd and flood in *Eucharis* face,
 Coynessle and Loue striu'd which had greatest grace,
 Virginitie did fight on Coynessle side;
 Feare of her parents frownes, and semall pride,

Hero and Leander.

Lothing the lower place more then it loues
The high contents, desert and vertue mooues.
With loue fought *Hymens* beautie and his valure,
Which scarce could so much fauour yet allure
To come to strike, but fameles idle stood,
Action is fire valours soueraine good.
But Loue once entred, with no greater aid
Then he could find within, thought, thought betraide,
The bribde, but incorrupted Garison,
Sung *To Hymen*; there those songs begun,
And Loue was growne so rich with such a gaine,
And wanton with the ease of his free raigne,
That he would turne into her roughest frownes
To turne them out; and thus he *Hymen* crownes
King of his thoughts, mans greatest Emperie:
This was his first braue step to deitie.

Home to the mourning citie they repayre,
With newes as wholsome as the morning ayre,
To the sad parents of each saued maid:
But *Hymen* and his *Eucharis* had laid
This plot, to make the flame of their delight
Round as the Moone at full; and full as bright:

Because the parents of chaste *Eucharis*
Exceeding *Hymens* so, might crosse their blis;
And as the world rewards deserts, that law
Cannot assist with force: so when they saw
Their daughter safe, take vantage of their owne,

Praise

Hero and Leander.

Praise *Hymens* valour much, nothing bestowne,
Hymen must leaue the virgins in a Groue
 Farre off from *Athens*, and goe first to proue
 If to restore them all with fame and life,
 He should enioy his dearest as his wife.
 This told to all the maides; the most agree:
 The riper sort knowing what 't is to bee
 The first mouth of a newes so farre deriud,
 And that to heare and beare news braue folks liu'd
 As being a carriage speciall hard to beare
 Occurrents, these occurrents being so deare,
 They did with grace protest, they were content
 T'acost their friends with all their complement,
 For *Hymens* good: but to incurre their harme,
 There he must pardon them. This wit went warme
 To *Adoleshes* braine, a Nymph borne hie,
 Made all of voice and fire, that vpwards flie:
 Her hart and all her forces neither traine,
 Climb'd to her tongue, and thither fell her braine,
 Since it could goe no higher: and it must go,
 All powers she had, euen her tongue did so.
 In spirit and quicknes she much ioy did take,
 And lou'd her tongue, only for quicknes sake,
 And she would haste and tell. The rest all stay,
Hymen goes on; the Nymph another way:
 And what became of her ile tell at last:
 Yet take her visage now: moyst lipt, long fast;

Hero and Leander.

Thin like an iron wedge, so sharp and tart,
As i were of purpose made to cleave *Loues* hart
Well were this louely Beautie rid of her,
And *Hymen* did at *Athenes* now prefer
His welcome suite, which he with ioy aspired
A hundred princely youths with him reirde
To fetch the Nymphs: Chariots and musik went,
And home they came: heauen with applauses rent.
The Nuptials straight proceed, whiles all the towne,
Fresh in their ioyes might doe them most renowne.
First gold lockt *Hymen* did to Church repaire,
Like a quicke offering burnd in flames of haire.
And after with a virgin firmament,
The godhead-prouing Bride, attended went
Before them all, she lookt in her commaund,
As if forme-giuing *Cyprias* siluer hand
Gripte all their beauties, and crusht out one flame,
She blusht to see how beautie ouercame
The thoughts of all men. Next before her went
Fieue louely children deckt with ornament
Of her sweet colours, bearing Torches by,
For light was held a happie Augurie
Of generation, whose efficient right
Is nothing else but to produce to light.
The od disparent number they did chuse,
To shew the vnion married loues should vse,
Since in two equall parts it will not seuer,

But the midst holds one to reioyne it euer,
 As common to both parts: men therefore deeme,
 That equall number Gods doe not esteeme,
 Being authors of sweet peace and vnitic,
 But pleasing to th'infernall Emperie,
 Vnder whose ensignes Wars and Discords fight,
 Since an euen number you may disunite
 In two parts equall, nought in middle left,
 To reunite each part from other rest:
 And fise they hold in most especiall prise,
 Since t'is the first od number that doth rise
 From the two formost numbers vnite
 That od and euen are, which are two and three,
 For one no number is: but thence doth flow
 The powerfull race of number. Next did go
 A noble Matron that did spinning beare
 A huswiues rocke and spindle, and did weare
 A Weathers skin, with all the snowy fleece,
 To intimate that euen the daintest peece,
 And noblest borne dame should industrious bee,
 That which does good, disgraceth no degree.

And now to *Junos* Temple they are come,
 Where her graue Priest stood in the mariage rone.
 On his right arme did hang a skarlet vaile,
 And from his shoulders to the ground did traile
 On either side, Ribands of white and blew,
 With the red vaile he hid the bashfull hew

Of the chaste Bride, to shew the modest shame,
 In coupling with a man should grace a dame,
 Then tooke he the disparent silkes, and tide
 The louers by the waists, and side to side,
 In token that thereafter they must binde
 In one selfe sacred knot each other minde.
 Before them on an Altar he presented
 Both fire and water: which was first inuented,
 Since to ingenerate euery humane creature,
 And euery other birth produ't by Nature,
 Moisture and heat must mixe: so man and wife
 For humane race must ioyne in nuptiall life.
 Then one of *Iuno's* birds, the pained lay,
 He sacrific'd, and tooke the gall away.
 All which he did behind the Altar throw,
 In signe no bitternesse of hate should grow
 Twixt married loues, nor any least disdain.
 Nothing they spake, for 't was esteem'd too plaine
 For the most silken mildnesse of a maid,
 To let a publike audience heare it said
 She boldly tooke the man: and so respected
 Was bashfulnesse in *Athens*: it erected
 To chaste *Agnesia*, which is Shamefastnesse,
 A sacred temple, holding her a Goddesse.
 And now to Feasts, Masks, and triumphant shewes,
 The shining troup returnd, euen till earth throwes
 Brought forth with ioy the thickest part of night,
 When

When the sweet Nuptiall song that vsde to cheere
 All to their rest, was by *Phemonor* sung:
 First *Delphian* Prophetesse, whose graces sprung
 Out of the *Muses*, well she sung before
 The Bride into her chamber: at which dore
 A Matron and a Torch-bearer did stand,
 A painted box of Confits in her hand
 The Matron held, and so did other some
 That compast round the honourd Nuptiall roome.
 The custome was that euery maid did weare,
 During her maidenhead, a silken sphere
 About her waste, about her inmost weede,
 Knit with *Mineruas* knot, and that was freed
 By the faire Bridegroome on the marriage night,
 With many ceremonies of delight:
 And yet eterniz'd *Hymens* tender Bride,
 To suffer it dissolu'd so sweetly cride.
 The maids that heard, so lou'd, and did adore her,
 They wisht with all their hearts to suffer for her,
 So had the Matrons that with Confits stood
 About the chamber, such affectionate blood,
 And so true feeling of her harmelesse paines,
 That euery one a showre of Confits raines.
 For which the Bride youths scrambling on the ground,
 In noyse of that sweet haile their cries were drown'd.
 And thus blest *Hymen* ioyde his gracious Bride,
 And for his ioy was after deifide.

The Saffron myrror by which *Phaebus* loue,
Greene *Tellus* decks her, now he held about
The cloudy mountaines : and the noble maid,
Sharp-visag'd *Adolesche*, that was fraid
Out of her way, in hastning with her newes,
Not till his houre th' *Athenian* terrets viewes,
And now brought home by guides : she heard by all
That her long kept occurrents would be stale,
And how faire *Hymens* honors did excell
For those rare newes, which she came short to tell.
To heare her deare tongue rob'd of such a ioy,
Made the wel-spoken Nymph take such a toy,
That downe she sunke : when lightning from aboue,
Shrunke her leane body, and for meeke free loue,
Turnd into the pied-plum'd *Psittacus*,
That now the Parrat is surnam'd by vs,
Who still with counterfeit confusion prates,
Nought but newes common to the commonst mates.
This told, strange *Teras* toucht her Lute, and sung
This dittie, that the Torchy euening sprung.

Epithalamion Teratos.

Come come deare night, loues Mart of kisses,
Sweet close of his ambitious line,
The fruitfull summer of his blisses,
Loues glory doth in darknes shine.
O come soft rest of Cares, come night,

Come

Come naked vertues only tire,
The reaped haruest of the light,
Bound vp in the aues of sacred fire.

Loue calls to warre,

Sighs his alarmes,

Lips his sword are,

The field his armes.

Come Night and lay thy veluet hand
On glorious Dayes outfacing face;
And all thy crowned flames command,
For torches to our Nuptiall grace.

Loue calls to warre,

Sighs his Alarmes,

Lips his sword are,

The field his Armes.

No need haue we of factious Day,
To cast in enuy of thy peace,
Her bals of Discord in thy way;
Her beauties day doth neuer cease,
Day is abstracted here,
And varied in a triple sphere.

Hero, Alcmane, Mya, so outshine thee,
Ere thou come here, let *Thetis* thrice refine thee.

Loue calls to warre,

Sighs his Alarmes,

Lips his sword are,

The field his Armes.

The euening starre I see,
Rise youths the euening starre,
Helps Loue to summon warre,
Both now imbracing bee.

Rise youths, loues right claims more the bankets, rise.
Now the bright Marygolds that deckt the skies,
Phæbus celestiall flowrs, that (contrarie
To his flowers here) open when he shuts his eies,
And shuts when he doth open, crowne your sports:
Now loue in night, and night in loue exhorts
Courtship and Dances: All your parts employ,
And suite nights rich expansure with your ioy,
Loue paints his longings in sweet virgins eies:
Rise youths, loues right claims more then bankets, rise.
Rise virgins, let faire Nuptiall loues infold
Your fruitlesse breasts: the maidenheads ye hold
Are not your owne alone, but parted are;
Part in disposing them your Parents share,
And that a third part is: so must ye saue
Your loues a third, and you your thirds must haue.
Loue paints his longings in sweet virgins eies:
Rise youths, loues right claims more the bankets, rise.

Herewith the amorous spirit that was so kinde
To *Teras* haire, and comb'd it downe with winde,
Still as it Comet-like brake from her braine,
Would needs haue *Teras* gone, and did refraine
To blow it downe: which staring vp, dismayd

Hero and Leander.

The timorous feast, and she no longer stayd,
 But bowing to the Bridegroom and the Bride,
 Did like a shooting exhalation glide
 Out of their sights, the turning of her backe
 Made them all shrieke, it lookt so gastly blacke.
 O haplesse *Hero*, that most haplesse cloud,
 Thy soone succeeding Tragedy foreshew'd:
 Thus all the Nuptiall crue to ioyes depart,
 But much-wrong'd *Hero* stood hels blackest dart,
 Whose wound because I grieue so to display,
 I vse digressions thus t' increase the day.

The end of the fifth Sestiyad.



The Argument of the sixth

S E S T Y A D.

*Leucote flies to all the winds,
 And from the fates their outrage blinds,
 That Hero and her loue may meet,
 Leander (with Lones compleat fleet
 Mand in himselfe) puts forth to Seas,
 when straight the ruthlesse Destinies,
 with Art doe stir the winds to warre
 Vpon the Hellespont: their iarres
 Drowne poore Leander. Heroes eyes
 wet witnesses of his surprisē,
 Her Torch blowne out: Griefe casts her downe
 Vpon her Loue, and both doth drowne,*

Hero and Leander.

*In whose iust ruth the god of Seas
Transformes them to th' Acantides.*

NO longer could the day nor Destinies
Delay the night, who now did frowning rise
Into her Throne, and at her humorous breasts,
Visions and dreames lay sucking, all mens rests
Fell like the mists of death vpon their eyes,
Dayes too long darts so kild their faculties.
The winds yet, like the flowres, to cease began,
For bright *Leucote*, *Venus* vvhiteſt Swan,
That held ſweet *Hero* deare, ſpred her faire vvings,
Like to a field of ſnow, and meſſage brings
From *Venus* to the fates, t' intreat them lay
Their charge vpon the vvinds, their rage to ſtay,
That the ſterne battell of the Seas might ceaſe,
And guard *Leander* to his loue in peace.
The Fates conſent (ay me diſſembling Fates!)
They ſhewd their fauours to conceale their hates,
And draw *Leander* on, leſt Seas too hie
Should ſtay his too obſequious Deſtiny,
Who like a fleeting ſlauiſh Paraſite,
In warping profit or a trayterous ſleight,
Hoopes round his rotten body vvith deuotes,
And pricks his deſcant face full of falſe notes,
Praiſing with open throat (and oathes as fowle
As his falſe heart) the beauty of an Owle,
Killing his ſkipping hand with charmed ſkips,

That

Hero and Leander.

That cannot leaue, but leapes vpon his lips
 Like a Cocke-sparrow, or a shamelesse queane,
 Sharpe at a red-lipt youth, and nought doth meane
 Of all his anticke shewes, but doth repaire
 More tender fawnes, and takes a scattered haire
 From his tame subiects shoulder, whips and cals
 For euery thing he lackes ; creepes against the wals
 With backward humblenesse, to giue needlesse way:
 Thus his false fate did with *Leander* play.

First to blacke *Eurus* flyes the white *Leucote*,
 Borne 'mongst the Negros in the Leuant sea,
 On whose curl'd head the glowing Sun doth rise,
 And shewes the soueraigne will of Destinies,
 To haue him cease his blasts, and downe he lyes. }
 Next to the fenny *Notus*, course she holds,
 And found him leaning vwith his armes in folds
 Vpon a Rocke, his white haire full of showres,
 And him she chargeth by the fatall powres,
 To hold in his wet cheeks his cloudy voice,
 To *Zephire* then that doth in flowres reioyce,
 To snake-foot *Boreas* next she did remoue,
 And found him tossing of his ravisht loue,
 To heate his frosty bosome hid in snow,
 Who with *Leucotes* sight did cease to blow.
 Thus all were still to *Heroes* hearts desire,
 Who vwith all speed did consecrate a fire
 Of flaming gummes, and comfortable spice,

Hero and Leander.

To light her torch, which in such curious price
She held, being obiect to *Leanders* sight,
That nought but fires perfum'd must giue it light.
She lou'd it so, she grieu'd to see it burne,
Since it would waste, and soone to ashes turne,
Yet if it burn'd not, 'twere not worth her eyes,
What made it nothing, gaue it all the prize.
Sweet torch, true glasse of our societie;
What man does good, but he consumes thereby?
But thou wert lou'd for good, held high, giuen show,
Poore vertue loth'd for good, obscur'd, held low.
Doe good, be pin'd, be deedlesse good disgraft,
Vnlesse we feed on men, we let them fast.
Yet *Hero* with these thoughts her torch did spend;
When Bees make waxe, Nature doth not intend
It should be made a torch, but we that know
The proper vertue of it, make it so,
And when 'tis made, we light it: nor did nature
Propose one life to Maids, but each such creature
Makes by her soule the best of her true state.
Which without loue is rude, disconsolate,
And wants loues fire to make it milde and bright,
Till when, maids are but torches vwanting light.
Thus 'gainst our griefe, not cause of griefe wee fight,
The right of nought is gleand, but the delight.
Vp went she, but to tell how she descended,
Would God she were not dead, or my verse ended.

She

She was the rule of wishes, summe and end,
 For all the parts that did on loue depend,
 Yet cast the torch his brightnesse further forth,
 But what shines neereſt beſt, holds trueſt worth.

Leander did not through ſuch tempeſts ſwim
 To kiſſe the Torch, although it lighted him :
 But all his powers in her deſires awaked,
 Her loue and vertues cloth'd him richly naked.
 Men kiſſe but fire that onely ſhewes purſue,
 Her torch and *Hero*, figure, ſhew and vertue.

Now at oppoſ'd *Abydos* nought was heard,
 But bleating flockes, and many a bellowing herd,
 Slaine for the Nuptials, crackes of falling woods,
 Blowes of broad axes, powrings out of floods.
 The guilty *Helleſpont* was mixt and ſtain'd
 With bloody torrent, that the ſhambles rain'd,
 Not arguments of feaſt, but ſhewes that bled,
 Foretelling that red night that followed.
 More bloud was ſpilt, more honors were addreſt,
 Then could haue graced any happy feaſt.
 Rich banquets, triumphs, euery pompe imployes
 His ſumptuous hand, no Miſers Nuptiall ioyes.
 Aire felt continuall thunder with the noiſe,
 Made in the generall marriage violence,
 And no man knew the cauſe of this expence,
 But the two hapleſſe Lords, *Leanders* Sire,
 And poore *Leander*, pooreſt where the fire

Hero and Leander.

Of credulous loue made him most rich surmis'd,
As short vvas he of that himselfe surpris'd:
As in an empty Gallant full of forme,
That thinks each looke an act, each drop a storme,
That fals frō his braue breathings, most brought vp
In our *Metropolis*, and hath his cup
Brought after him to feasts, and much Palme beares,
For his rare iudgement in th' attire he vveares,
Hath scene the hot Low-Countries, not their hear,
Obserues their rampires and their buildings yet,
And for your sweet discourse with mouthes is
Giuing instructions with his very beard, (heard,
Hath gone with an Ambassador, and been
A great mans mate, in trauelling, euen to *Rhene*
And then puts all his worth in such a face,
As he saw braue men make, and striues for grace
To get his newes forth, as vwhen you descry
A Ship with all her sayle contends to fly
Out of the narrow Thames with winds vnapt,
Now crosseth here, then there, then this way rapt,
And then hath one point reacht, then alters all,
And to another crooked reach doth fall,
Of halfe a Burd-bolts shoote, keeping more coile,
Then if she danc't vpon the Oceans toyle:
So serious is his trifling company,
In all his swelling Ship of vacantry.
And so short of himselfe in his high thought,

Was

Was our *Leander* in his fortunes brought,
 And in his fort of loue that he thought won,
 But otherwise he scornes comparison.

O sweet *Leander*, thy large worth I hide
 In a short graue, ill-fauor'd stormes must chide
 Thy sacred fauour: I, in flouds of inke,
 Must drowne thy graces which white papers drinke;
 Euen as thy beauties did the foule blacke seas,
 I must describe the hell of thy disease,
 That heauen did merit, yet I needs must see
 Our painted fooles and cockehorse pessantry,
 Still still vsurpe, with long liues, loues and lust,
 The seats of vertue, cutting short as dust
 Her deare brought issue, ill to worse conuerts,
 And tramples in the bloud of all deserts.

Night close and silent now goes fast before
 The Captaines and the Souldiers to the shore,
 On whom attended the appointed fleet
 At *Sestus* bay, that should *Leander* meet,
 Who fain'd he in another Ship would passe,
 Which must not be, for no one meane there was
 To get his loue home but the course he tooke.
 Forth did his beauty for his beauty looke,
 And saw her through her torch, as you behold
 Sometimes within the Sunne a face of gold,
 Form'd in strong thoughts, by that traditions force
 That sayes a god sits there, and guides his course.

Hero and Leander.

His sister was vvith him, to whom he shewed
His guide by Sea, and said; Oft haue you viewed
In one heauen many statres, but neuer yet
In one starre many heauens till now were met.
See louely sister, see, now *Hero* shines,
No heauen but hers appeares, each star repines,
And all are clad in clouds, as if they mourn'd
To be by influence of earth out-burn'd.
Yet doth she shine, and teacheth vertues traine,
Still to be constant in hels blackest raigne, (them,
Though euen the gods themselues doe so intreat
As they did hate, and earth as she would eate them.
Off went his silke robe, and in he leapt,
Whom the kind waues so licorously cleapt,
Thickning for haste one in another so,
To kisse his skin; that he might almost goe
To *Heroes* tower, had that kinde minute lasted,
But now the cruell fates with *Ate* halted
To all the windes, and made them battell fight
Vpon the *Hellepont*, for eithers right,
Pretended to the windy Monarchy,
And forth they brake, the Seas mixt with the skie
And tost distrest *Leander*, being in hell,
As high as heauen: Blisse not in height doth dwell,
The Destinies fate dancing on the waues,
To see the glorious winds vvith mutuall braues
Consume each other. O true glasse to see,

How

Hero and Leander.

How ruinous ambitious Statists be
 To their owne glories: poore *Leander* cryed
 For helpe to sea-borne *Venus*, she denied
 To *Boreas*, that for his *Attneas* sake,
 He would some pitie on his *Hero* take;
 And for his owne loues sake on his desires:
 But glory neuer blowes cold pitties fires.
 Then call'd he *Neptune*, who through all the noyse
 Knew vwith affright his wrackt *Leanders* voice,
 And vp he rose, for haste his forehead hit (smit
 'Gainst heauens hard Crystall, his proud vvaues hee
 With his forkt scepter, that could not obey,
 Much greater powers thē *Neptunes* gaue them sway,
 They lou'd *Leander* so, in grones they brake
 When they came neere him, and such space did take
 'Twixt one another, loth to issue on,
 That in their shallow furrowes earth vvas shewne,
 And the poore Louer tooke a little breath,
 But the curst fates fate spinning of his death
 On euery waue, and with the seruile winds
 Tumbled them on him. And now *Hero* findes
 By that she felt her deare *Leanders* state;
 She vvept, and prayed for him to euery fate,
 And euery vvind that whipt her with her haire
 About the face, she kist, and spake it faire,
 Kneeld to it, gaue it drinke out of her eyes
 To quench his thirst, but still their cruelties

Hero and Leander.

Euen her poore Torch enuied, and rudely beate
The bating flame from that deare food it eate,
Deare, for it nourisht her *Leanders* life,
Which with her robe she rescu'd from their strife,
But silke too soft was, such hard hearts to breake,
And she, deare soule, euen as her silke, faint weake,
Could not preserue it out: O out it went.

Leander still call'd *Neptune*, that now rent
His brakish curles, and tore his wrinkled face,
Where teares in billowes did each other chase,
And (burst with ruth) hee hurld his marble mace,
At the sterne Fates, it wounded *Lachesis*,
That drew *Leanders* thread, and could not miss:
The thread it selfe, as it her hand did hit,
But smote it full, and quite did sunder it.

The more kind *Neptune* rag'd, the more he rac'd
His loues liues fort, and kil'd as he embrac'd;
Anger doth still his owne mis-hap encrease:
If any comfort liue, it is in peace.

O theeuish Fates, to let Bloud, Flesh and Sence,
Build two faire Temples for their excellence,
To rob it with a poisoned influence.

Though soules gifts sterue, the bodies are held deare
In vgliest things, Sense-sport preserues a Beare.
But here nought serues our turnes: O heauen & earth
How most most wretched is our humane birth?
And now did all the tyrannous crue depart,

Hero and Leander.

Knowing there was a storme in *Heroes* heart,
 Greater then they could make, & skorn'd their smart.
 She bowed her selfe so low out of her towre,
 That wonder 'twas she fell not ere her houre,
 With searching the lamenting waues for him,
 Like a poore Snaile, her gentle supple lim
 Hung on her turrets top so most downe right,
 As she would diue beneath the darknesse quite,
 To finde her Iewell, Iewell, her *Leander*,
 A name of all earths iewels pleas'd not her
 Like his deare name, *Leander* still my choise:
 Come nought but my *Leander*: O my voice
 Turne to *Leander*, henceforth be all sounds
 Accents and phrases, that shew all griefes wounds,
 Analys'd in *Leander*. O blacke change:
 Trumpets, do you with thunder of your clange,
 Drive out this changes horror, my voice faints,
 Where all ioy was, now shrieke out all complaints.
 Thus cryed she, for her mixt soule could tell
 Her loue was dead: And when the morning fell,
 Prostrate vpon the weeping earth for woe,
 Blushes that bled out of her cheekes did show,
Leander brought by *Neptune* brus'd and torne
 With Cities ruines, he to rocks had worne,
 To filthy vsuring rocks that would haue blood,
 Though they could get of him no other good.
 She saw him, and the sight was much much more,

Then

Hero and Leander.

Then might haue seru'd to kill her, should her store
Of great sorrowes speake: burst, dye, bleed,
And leane poore plants to vs that shall succeed:
She fell on her loues bosome, hugg'd it fast,
And with *Leanders* name she breath'd her last.

Neptune for pittie in his armes did take them,
Flung them in the ayre and did awake them.
Like two sweet birds, surnam'd th' *Acanthides*,
Which we call Thistle-warps, that neere no seas
Dare euer come, but still in couples flie,
And feed on thistle tops, to testifie
The hardnes of their first life in their last:
The first in thornes of loue that sorrowes past,
And so most beautifull their colours show,
As none (so little) like them, her sad brow
A sable velvet feather couers quite:
Even like the forehead cloth that in the night,
Or when they sorrow, Ladies vs'd to weare
Their wings blue, red and yellow mixt appeare,
Colours that as we construe colours paint
Their states to life, the yellow shewes their faint,
The dainty *Venus* left them blue, their truth,
Their red and blacke ensignes of death and rui:
And thus true honour from their loue death sprung.
They were the first that euer Poet sung.

F I N I S.